Mr W. B. Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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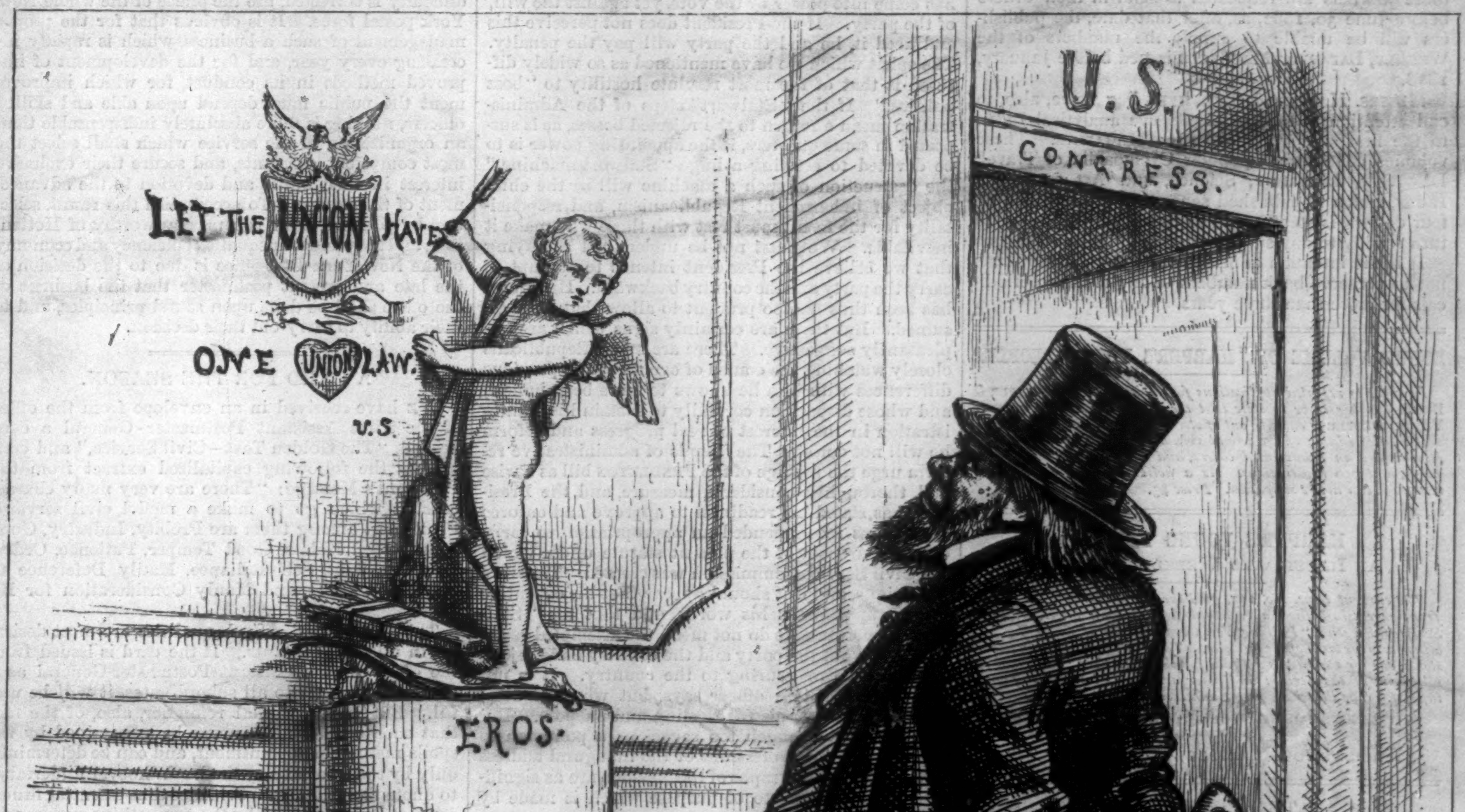

LET THE UNION HAVE
ONE UNION LAW.
U.S.
·EROS·
U.S.
CONGRESS.
Th. Nast.

CONSTANCY IS A JEWEL.

Mormon. "I'll live in defiance of both."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1881.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that, six months from date, they intend to destroy the plates and all copies on hand of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE previous to 1878. Parties desiring to complete their files of these journals are requested to send in their orders before June 30, 1882, as, after that date, the publishers will be unable to supply the numbers of the WEEKLY, BAZAR, or MAGAZINE issued before January, 1878.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave, also, to call attention to the comprehensive analytical Index to the first sixty volumes of the MAGAZINE. These volumes constitute a popular Cyclopædia of Travel, Discovery, Literature, Science, and Art; and the Index, which is published separately at the price of four dollars, is so arranged as to enable the reader to turn readily to any subject treated in these volumes.

It is the intention of MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS not to preserve back numbers of any of their periodicals for more than three years.

BOUND VOLUME OF "HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE."

In reply to repeated applications for copies, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *beg leave to state that the first volume of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *is entirely out of stock.*

A limited edition of the second volume, for 1881, *is now ready. It is bound in ornamented covers, and contains more than* 800 *pages, and* 750 *illustrations. As a holiday gift-book for young readers it can not be surpassed. Price* $3.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

The current issue, No. 113, *published December* 27, *has for its front-page illustration a beautiful figure of an angel, with the Scriptural legend, "I Bring You Good Tidings of Great Joy," in allusion to the birth of the Saviour. There are two charming short stores, one for Christmas and one for the New Year; the usual installment of the Serial; and other articles and sketches of great interest. The illustrations are numerous and attractive.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, per year	$1 50
HARPER'S WEEKLY, per year	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE } per year	5 00

THE PRESIDENT.

LECKY describes WALPOLE as a statesman who knew that "a wise minister will carefully avoid exciting violent passions, provoking reactions, offending large classes, and generating enduring discontents." Does the President mean to pursue this course? The situation and the tendency are plain, and it is but just to President ARTHUR that he should hear how they present themselves to those who belong to the same party, but who have steadfastly distrusted his former associations, and opposed the methods with which he has been identified. The gentlemen whom he has called to the cabinet, Messrs. FRELINGHUYSEN, FOLGER, BREWSTER, and HOWE; the first Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. HATTON; the Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS; the Assistant Treasurer at New York, Mr. ACTON—with various minor officers—are all Republicans of the "Stalwart" school. The figure of Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, who was peremptorily and contemptuously rejected as Senator by the Republicans of New York, under disgraceful circumstances which need not be recalled, is seen flitting busily to and from Washington; and other persons, whose names are not of a kind for such association, are reported as in intimate conference with the President. Mere rumors are not to be too seriously regarded, but it is obvious that no person—with the signal exception of Judge GRAY, of whom we speak elsewhere—but those who had been already designated by President GARFIELD, has been appointed to office nor known to have been in consultation with the President, who is not of the same "Stalwart" school. That is to say, the Administration thus far represents the minority of the party as shown at Chicago, and a minority which by its unscrupulous conduct in New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, and by the want of a common organization among its opponents in the Convention, was made to appear much larger than it really was.

This is a fact which can not safely be forgotten or disregarded. However discreetly and softly the steps of the Administration may be taken, if they are all in a reactionary direction, they will certainly lead it and the party to disaster. The President we believe to be a sagacious politician. He must therefore feel instinctively the force of the various currents of feeling. He must know that if the party sentiment at Chicago and in the country which rejected General GRANT and selected General GARFIELD as the candidate is to be proscribed, he courts a catastrophe. He must see that the spirit which gave Mr. WOLFE fifty thousand votes in Pennsylvania, and which, despite the "Stalwart" hostility in New York, and by force of feeling, not of organization, won the victory in that State—the spirit which put aside General TRACY in Brooklyn, and elected Mr. LOW, and which, above all, in Erie County, deliberately routed "the machine" and its leaders, repudiating their caucus and their candidates, and serving notice upon them that so long as their caucus was a false caucus, and their candidates not the honestly designated candidates of the party, so long they and their candidates should be defeated—is a spirit which is more alert and vigorous than ever, and which the President should neither despise nor defy.

The situation seems to be a contradiction, but it is intelligible to every attentive observer. Stalwartism has come into power by the vote, yet against the will, of the party. If the President does not perceive this and heed it, he and the party will pay the penalty. The spirit which we have mentioned as so widely diffused is that of the most resolute hostility to "boss politics." If the "Stalwart" steps of the Administration mean a return to the rejected bosses, as is suspected in some quarters, if the appointing power is to be devoted to erecting a huge "Stalwart machine," the destruction of such a machine will be the chief object of independent Republicanism, and responsibility for the result must rest with those who make it inevitable. We must not be understood as saying that we believe the President intends to attempt to carry the party and the country backward. His course has been thus far too prudent to allow that to be assumed. But there are certainly signs which are unpleasantly suggestive. There are many Republicans closely watching the course of events whose previous differences with him he knows to have been honest, and whose disposition cordially to sustain his administration in the interest of real progress and reform he will not doubt. The friends of administrative reform urge the passage of the PENDLETON bill as a wise and thoroughly considered measure, and the President has stated his readiness to approve and enforce it, and has recommended an appropriation to carry out the purposes of the present statute under which the Civil Service Commission was created. These are good signs, and if it should appear that his executive action supplements his words, and that his "Stalwart" appointments do not mean the attempted restoration of what the party and the country have rejected, it will be re-assuring to the country. It is not what an executive officer says, but what he does, which determines his real feeling and purpose. But the President is much too sagacious a politician to suppose that the professions of the inaugural address or the candid paragraphs of the Message are as significant as the manifesto of purpose which is made by appointments.

A GREAT POST-OFFICE.

PUBLIC attention has been especially attracted to the New York Post-office within the last few years by the reports of the administration of Mr. JAMES, and by the appointment of his efficient coadjutor, Mr. PEARSON, as his successor. This appointment was made upon sound principles, and in despite of the ordinary political interference, which promotes extravagance and incapacity in the public service. It was made wholly in deference to the public interests which the Post-office is intended to serve, and it was one of the significant acts of the GARFIELD administration. The detailed statistics of the service at this great office are interesting. The whole number of persons employed, including carriers and substitutes, during the present year, was 1424, and the pay allowance was $1,309,302. The net revenue of the office during the year was 27.65 per cent. of the total revenue from the entire postal service. The sale of postage stamps amounted to $3,282,305 89, although it is computed that the aggregate of small remittances in stamps to New York dealers reduces the sales at the office by $500,000. On the 1st of November, 1881, there were 548 publications entered as currently issued in the city, and there were 19,380,900 pounds of such matter mailed from publication offices. The number of pieces, including letters, postal cards, circulars, second-class matter, transient newspapers, and merchandise originating in New York, or in foreign or domestic transit, was 450,333,826. There were 1,004,798 sacks dispatched from the office, containing newspapers and miscellaneous letters, and 175,230 pouches of letters.

In the Registry Division, the number of articles dispatched was 822,573; letters, 833,451; merchandise packets, 207,813; packages of postage stamps from the agency, 148,861; registered packages and pouches received, 1,444,468; made up, 591,709—making a total of 4,048,875. In the Money Order Division there were 42,645 domestic orders issued, amounting to $943,507 09; foreign orders, 19,586, amounting to $349,489 77. The number of domestic orders paid was 829,841, amounting to $7,680,970 14; and of foreign orders, 18,169, amounting to $251,290 41. At the branch offices there were 146,840 orders issued and paid, amounting to $2,905,923 68. The number of papers and packets imperfectly addressed, but corrected and forwarded, was 208,180; and of letters, 207,794. The total number of pieces of mail matter dealt with at the New York Post-office during the year 1881 was 640,481,644, of which in the mailing and distribution department there were 450,333,826; in the City Delivery, 186,098,943; in the Registry, 4,048,875.

These are but a few of the interesting statistics of the office. How thoroughly and satisfactorily this enormous service is transacted every one who has either large or small dealings with the office knows. It is only necessary to consider the daily and nightly constant and ceaseless pressure of infinite and petty details upon the office to perceive that only the most intelligent supervision and administrative ability could possibly accomplish the results that are achieved. The courtesy with which complaints are heard, however unreasonable, and the promptitude with which any difficulty is corrected, are the praise of the whole New York postal force. It is obvious that for the proper management of such a business, which is rapidly increasing every year, and for the development of improved methods in its conduct, for which improvement the public must depend upon able and skilled officers, nothing is more absolutely indispensable than an organization of the service which shall select the most competent assistants, and secure their exclusive interest in their duties and devotion to the advancement of the service. To accomplish this result, selection by political favor is a process worthy of Hottentots; and the present unequalled efficiency and economy of the New York Post-office is due to the decision of the late and present postmaster that the business of the office shall be done upon sound principles, and to their ability to carry out their decision.

A CARD FOR THE SEASON.

WE have received in an envelope from the office of the First Assistant Postmaster-General a card headed, "The Golden Text—Civil Service," and containing the following capitalized extract from the President's Message: "There are very many characteristics which go to make a model civil servant. Prominent among them are Probity, Industry, Good Sense, Good Habits, Good Temper, Patience, Order, Courtesy, Tact, Self-Reliance, Manly Deference to Superior Officers, and Manly Consideration for Inferiors."

This is well said. Such qualities are most desirable in all civil servants. If the card is issued from the office of the Assistant Postmaster-General as a friendly reminder to all subordinates, it will be useful. But it is a capital reminder, also, of the fact that such qualities can never be ascertained by the spoils method of appointment, and can be determined only by the reformed method. Whoever undertakes to quote this passage as evidence that essential fitness can not be ascertained by the competitive system will have a fall. The competitive method provides that after personal favoritism and influence have been baffled by the examination, the most successful competitors shall be—not appointed, but placed upon probation, to ascertain by practical experiment whether they have precisely the qualities which, in addition to generalintelligence, make "the model civil servant."

The "doctrinaires" do not assert that examinations in general or special knowledge determine practical fitness for a place. What they do say is that a boss's favor, or a committee's recommendation, does not prove it, and that the only way in which it can be proved is by experiment, and for experiment their method provides, and the present spoils method does not provide. Let us hope at this pleasant season that the pretty card has no covert intention of asserting that a boss of high or low degree knows or cares what goes to make "a model civil servant."

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE publication of the letters of the late Secretary of State to our ministers in London and in Lima has excited great attention and interest. The dispatch to Mr. LOWELL proposing to the British government the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is very important. It is, indeed, not so much a proposition for British action as a declaration that we propose practically to abrogate the treaty. There may be adequate reasons for such a course; but when a nation proposes to withdraw from a solemn pledge, it would seem to be wiser to seek release from the other party by a quiet and friendly and private discussion, instead of a public proclamation of a foregone conclusion. At least we can give no other interpretation to this sentence in the dispatch: "It is the fixed purpose of the United States to confine it [the question of interoceanic control] strictly and solely as an American question, to be dealt with and decided by the American governments."

If we have already decided this point, when we state the modifications that we seek in the treaty we merely announce what we have determined to do. We leave nothing for Great Britain but to acquiesce in our decision, or if the British government thinks that our decision is injurious to British interests, to dispute it by arms if necessary. Now as the question concerns nothing whatever within our own domain, but relates to territory wholly within foreign borders and states, granting that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was unfortunate, and conceded more than we ought to have yielded—granting that circumstances have changed, and that a revision of the treaty, or its total abrogation, is desirable, it was equally desirable that it should be sought in a conciliatory tone. Disregard of the faith of treaties is a serious offense. But even when a nation is justified in repudiating its pledged faith, the utmost courtesy and consideration of method are always possible and politic.

In this case the abrogation of the treaty is sought, not for the particular work upon which it is based, but because of another similar work over which we have asserted, in Mr. Blaine's circular note of June 24, 1881, a sole protection. That note is based, in turn, upon the general principle of jealousy of European interference upon this continent. Within reasonable limits this is a sound principle. But if it should be understood to mean a perpetual fussing and dictation among all the smaller South American and Central American states, which have important commercial relations with the rest of the world, it could easily become a very troublesome business. Lord Palmerston was always lecturing and hectoring in European politics, but it was not to the glory or profit of England. Friendly counsel to American states that fall into disorder and ask our advice would be highly becoming, but a practical dictatorship of the continent is more than we ought to undertake. In South America, so far as yet appears, the State Department has acted discreetly and vigorously. It has warned its minister in Peru that the legations of the United States are not to be used as private claim agencies. That is to say, we have nothing whatever to do with Mr. Landreau and the Peruvian Company. Mr. Christiancy was instructed to recognize the Calderon government if in his judgment it was so sustained as to be a *de facto* government, and upon his own discretion he did recognize it. His instructions in this respect were in accord with our traditional policy, and Mr. Blaine has probably saved us from disagreeable complications. His alertness and sagacity are well illustrated in the correspondence, and we regret only the peremptory and conclusive tone of the London dispatch.

THE LAW AND THE MORMONS.

The stringent bills of Mr. Willets to reorganize the Territory of Utah and to secure honest trials for bigamy indicate a renewal of the attempt to suppress Mormon polygamy which has been so often foiled. The late President Garfield consulted with Mr. Willets upon these bills, and approved them, and there is an evident revival of interest in the subject, which gives peculiar timeliness to the views of Senator Edmunds in the January number of Harper's Magazine. In the Senator's opinion, there is an irrepressible conflict between this aspect of Mormonism and the social and political systems of the rest of the country. The object of the Mormons is to maintain their political supremacy in Utah and the neighboring Territories, and to favor polygamy. The present population of Utah is 143,963, more than 73,000 of which number are persons under age. The actual number of plural marriages it is impossible to ascertain, but in 1866 it was estimated to be a third of the married males.

Plural marriage is a crime under the United States law, and in the eye of that law the Mormons, who hold bigamy to be a divine institution, are a band of criminals associated to defy the authority of the United States. The government has endeavored to assert its authority. But to impanel a jury in Utah without a Mormon is almost impossible, and it is equally impossible to prove both marriages, as the "sealing" to "saints" is done with the utmost secrecy. But Mr. Edmunds is of opinion that, with suitable legislation and a vigorous execution of the laws, the practice of polygamy might be broken up within a few years, and even with existing laws and a persistent determination the evil would succumb. If the people of the United States sincerely wish to extirpate it, the task would be easily accomplished by legal and peaceful means. All aid by appropriation of land should be refused to the Mormon body, and, if necessary, the Territory might be annexed to adjoining Territories, to merge and destroy the Mormon political ascendency.

This is a different view from that of those who suppose that a vigorous attempt to suppress polygamy would be followed by a long and desperate war, requiring upon the side of the government an army of not less than 150,000 men, and ending doubtfully and in the desolation of the interior of the continent. If there were any reason to suppose this to be true, nothing would be more evident than that the United States should repeal the statute against bigamy, or deal at any cost with criminals who defy its authority. The bills introduced by Mr. Willets open the whole question, and the discussion should close only with the adoption of some positive policy to be rigorously enforced. The Supreme Court has held that the plea of religious institution in the case of bigamy is not valid, and it could hardly have held differently. The question is not one of those which decide themselves by delay. As it stands, it is simply a question of the power of the government to enforce obedience to the law.

TRICKS OF A TRAVELLER.

We observe in a recent number of the Boston *Traveller* the following remark, which has been repeated in substance by a writer in the English *Contemporary Review*.

> "Nothing can be more false than Mr. George W. Curtis's statement that it is 'the worst civil service, save that of Siam, perhaps, in the world.'"

We agree that nothing could be more false than such a statement, except possibly the assertion that Mr. Curtis ever made it. What he said in an address in Boston and in Buffalo was the familiar truth that "there is not a public service in the world on so contemptible a basis as ours [that is, personal favor], except perhaps in Turkey or Siam."

MR. JUSTICE GRAY.

The nomination of Horace Gray, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, has been received with more general satisfaction than has greeted any appointment for many a year. It recalls the days when Story and Curtis were the representatives of New England upon the Supreme bench, and those eminent magistrates were not worthier than Gray to sit where Jay and Marshall sat.

Judge Gray is a man of the highest character and of a singularly judicial mind. He is a jurist of thorough training, with a lofty sense of the just dignity of the judicial station, and a man of wide and generous sympathies and cultivation, whom his personal friends hold in equal respect and affection. He has what is called an old-fashioned patriotism and public spirit, and the essential sturdiness and uprightness of the old New England character re-appear in him in a modern and accomplished form. Politically he was a Republican of the best type, and his political sympathies are still with original Republican principles and their true representatives. But since his elevation to the bench a fine sense of propriety has withdrawn him wholly from the political arena, and his new honors will be hailed with equal pleasure by men of all parties.

It is a nomination which is most honorable to the Administration, because it is made, as we believe, upon the President's perception of its fitness, and not to fulfill a supposed purpose of his predecessor, and made also against a strenuous pressure for a purely political appointment. If upon the retirement of Justice Hunt, whose present position is greatly to be regretted, a nomination of similar character should be made, the public confidence which the Administration naturally desires would be greatly strengthened.

THE TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY.

To this generation of Americans the story of the war will be always of the most exciting and pathetic interest, and turning the pages of the latest contribution to its heroic annals, *The History of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery of Light Artillery*, both memory and imagination recur to the absorbing interest of the days when every hour might bring tidings most momentous to the country, and most appalling to private hearts and homes.

The record of the actual service of this gallant battery in Virginia in the last two years of the war is based upon a manuscript prepared by a member of the company in 1865. It has been thrown into a spirited, graphic, and interesting form by another member, John D. Billings, and it is illustrated with portraits of the captain, J. Henry Sleeper, and of some of his comrades. The battle pictures are vivid, and the whole work is done with such care and detail that, as a contemporary authority, it is very valuable for the student of the war.

The imperishable charm of all such works, however, is the glimpse of the noble patriotism, the unselfish consecration, of the flower of the youth of the country. Here is a record of the eagerness and energy and indomitable spirit of youth. The first battle is described with stirring simplicity. There is a certain resistlessness of impetus in the mere narration. "It is give as well as take, and every cannoneer is thrilled to the very core at the first belch of his own 10-pounder. It is his first blow from the shoulder for self-defense and Union, and it braces him up for the work before him." But the author, with the generosity of the gallant soldier, is just to his opponents. "No braver men were ever banded in an unrighteous cause than constituted the rebel Army of Northern Virginia, unquestionably the flower of the Southern forces. They fought with a valor that would have insured success had the God of battles been on their side. To defeat such an army was glory enough; to be defeated by them, no disgrace." There is nothing but manliness in such a strain as that. So say you, gentlemen of the Tenth Massachusetts Battery. So say all generous soldiers of the Union.

THE DECORATIVE ART MISSION.

Nothing is more evident at this season, in the profusion of every kind of object for household use which attracts the spectator on every side, than the enhanced beauty of form. The simplest furniture has a prettiness of design, and every article of convenience a hint of grace, which are exceedingly agreeable. It is not doubtful that very much of this improvement is due to the recent interest in decorative art, and the consequent cultivation of the public taste. One valuable result of the interest which it both excites and represents is the discovery that beauty is as cheap as ugliness, and that there is no need that the most familiar object should be clumsy and unattractive because it is common.

The associations which carry on the good work of instruction in this refining and beautiful art—the art of household decoration—are missionaries to the poor in a new and most beneficial sense. It is a form of charity which naturally accompanies that of the modern wiser relief of actual want and suffering, because, while not especially addressed to the poor, it proposes to enrich the most moderate means with the taste and knowledge without which the costliest objects are not beautiful.

The ladies of the Society of Decorative Art in New York have established a library for those living out of town who do not have access to the city libraries and the classes of the society. After the 1st of January, 1882, the library will be open for consultation all day, instead of a few hours, and the books will be sent by mail, upon application to the Library Committee, for one cent a day and the postage in returning. The catalogue of the library contains all kinds of treatises upon ancient and modern ornament, general principles of art and decoration, china and pottery painting, water-colors, embroidery and needle-work, art travels and journals, and the South Kensington primers.

THE PRESIDENT AND REFORM.

The editor of Harper's Weekly is reported to have welcomed President Arthur into the ranks of the civil service reformers. He has not done so, but he would be very glad if the President's course should authorize such a welcome.

In his inaugural address, President Arthur said:

> "All the noble aspirations of my lamented predecessor which found expression in his life, the measures devised and suggested during his brief administration to correct abuses and enforce economy, to advance prosperity and promote the general welfare, to insure domestic security and maintain friendly and honorable relations with the nations of the earth, will be garnered in the hearts of the people, and it will be my earnest endeavor to profit, and to see that the nation shall profit, by his example and experience."

These hopes are undoubtedly garnered in the hearts of the people, and should the President's course fulfill these solemn pledges, it would be impossible to deny that he had entered the ranks of reform.

PERSONAL.

The best practical test of Mrs. Langtry's success and talent for the stage is that a London manager has offered her one hundred guineas for every representation of *A Fair Encounter*, which she will consent to give at matinées at his theatre. Mr. Labouchere, in London *Truth*, says: "It is far more easy to find actresses who can rampage in tragedy than who are able to act in comedy as though to the manner born. This Mrs. Langtry, to judge by her début at Twickenham, seems exceedingly well able to do."

—Alluding to the funeral of the late Colonel Forney, the Philadelphia *Record* says: "Among those who were early in taking their leave of the remains were General Sickles, E. B. Hart, and ex-Speaker Randall. General Sickles looked for some time upon the face of the dead, and then, moving his crutches, he bent over the casket, kissed the pallid brow, and remarked, in an under-tone, to Mr. Randall, as he brushed away his tears, 'We will soon be there too, old fellow.' General Hancock, who came in late, stood for some moments at the head of the casket, his eyes suffused with tears."

—It is not well for opulent Bostonians to die in Philadelphia. Mr. William F. Weld, who died in the latter city on the 7th inst., left a fortune of about $21,000,000. When he left Boston to reside in Philadelphia he took with him all his personal property, bonds, etc. As soon as his agent in Boston heard of his demise he started to Philadelphia to take possession of his safe. Fancy his disgust to ascertain on his arrival that the city of Philadelphia had placed an attachment on the safe and contents to pay a succession tax of $800,000!

—Messrs. Lorillard are rising to the wants of the tobacco chewers and burners by erecting a new building 125 by 200 feet, six stories high, to be used entirely for the manufacture of fine-cut chewing and smoking tobacco, and snuff, while the old building will be conscientiously devoted to plug. The firm expects to manufacture next year 30,000,000 pounds of tobacco, the revenue stamps for which will be over $5,000,000.

Mr. Corcoran, the philanthropist, of Washington, and founder of the Louise Home in that city, is pleasantly remembered in that institution on his birthday, December 27, which is always a fête day, and will be so regarded and honored after his death.

—Speaker Keifer is one of the few who have held that position who could be called men of wealth. Of the twenty-eight persons who from 1789 to 1881 occupied the Speaker's chair, the only one who was understood to be rich was Robert C. Winthrop. Several were possessed of moderate means, and had good professional incomes, but they were not men of wealth.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a Scotchman, who early in life went to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he made a large fortune, has offered that city $250,000 for a free library, provided the city will appropriate $15,000 a year for its maintenance. Mr. Carnegie recently gave a handsome library and building to his native town in Scotland.

—Mr. Tennyson, who is now seventy-three, grows more indifferent to all sorts of society as time goes on. Occasionally he goes over to Oxford and stays a few days with Mr. Jowett, and sometimes visits Mr. Gladstone. Last year he was awhile in London, and gave a few dinner parties at his town house. His principal companion, however, is his pipe, and as to what goes on in "society" he is utterly indifferent.

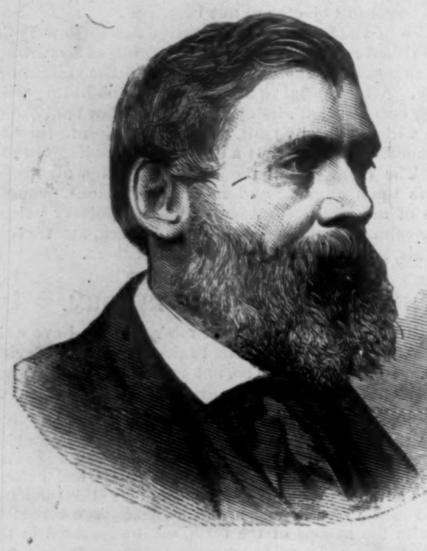
—The romance of political life comes out again in the family of the new United States Attorney-General, Mr. Brewster, whose wife is the youngest daughter of the late Robert J. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury under President Polk. Mrs. Brewster once held a clerkship in the Treasury. She will now, as the wife of a member of the cabinet, fill the place once occupied by her mother.

—A recent number of the *Nerikes Allahanda*, published in Arebo, Sweden, mentions the great success of the Swedish translation of Mr. Du Chaillu's new work. It says: "The capacity of our presses has been taxed to the utmost to print Du Chaillu's renowned work, *The Land of the Midnight Sun*. Hardly had the first edition of five thousand copies appeared when the firm of Lindle, which published the work, was obliged to print a new edition to supply the orders which kept pouring in." So rapid was the sale that many booksellers were unable to obtain a single copy of the first edition of this remarkable work. It is rare indeed that a book of travels should enjoy such great popularity among the people of whom it treats.

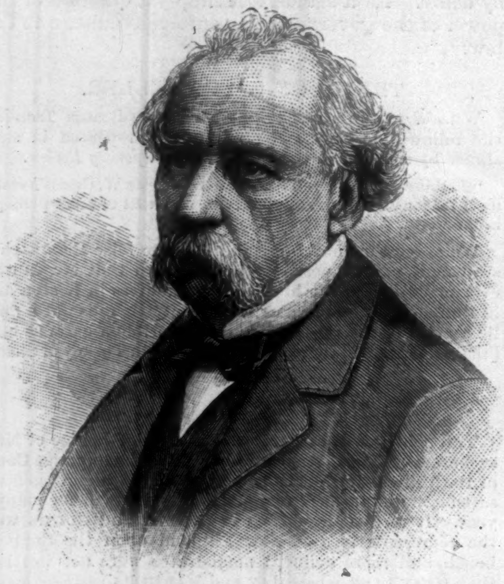
—A sparkling comedy by "Ouida," called *Cloth of Gold and Cloth of Frieze*, will begin in Harper's Weekly for January 7, 1882. It is one of the brightest and most fascinating pieces of writing that ever appeared from the pen of this popular author.

—A cheap edition of Mr. Dorman B. Eaton's interesting and valuable work, *Civil Service in Great Britain*, has just appeared in "Harper's Franklin Square Library."

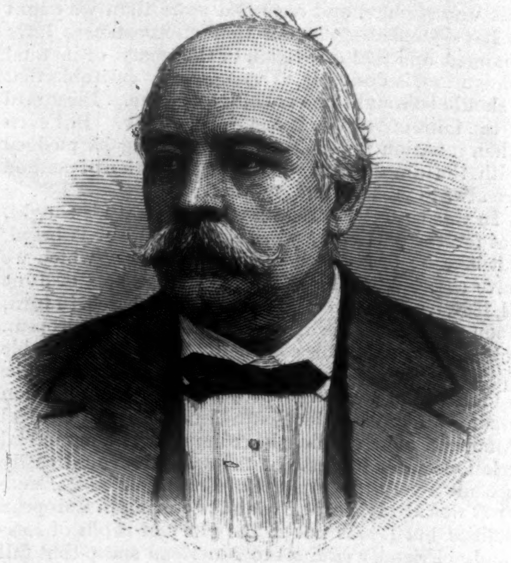
—A proposition has been under consideration, and finally determined upon, to remove Bishop Colenso's name from all the English clerical list, and though by law he is still Lord Bishop of Natal, he will cease to be recorded as such. It is consolatory to him, however, that he can not be deprived of his salary nor his see, so he snaps his fingers at his episcopal brethren, and "sticks."



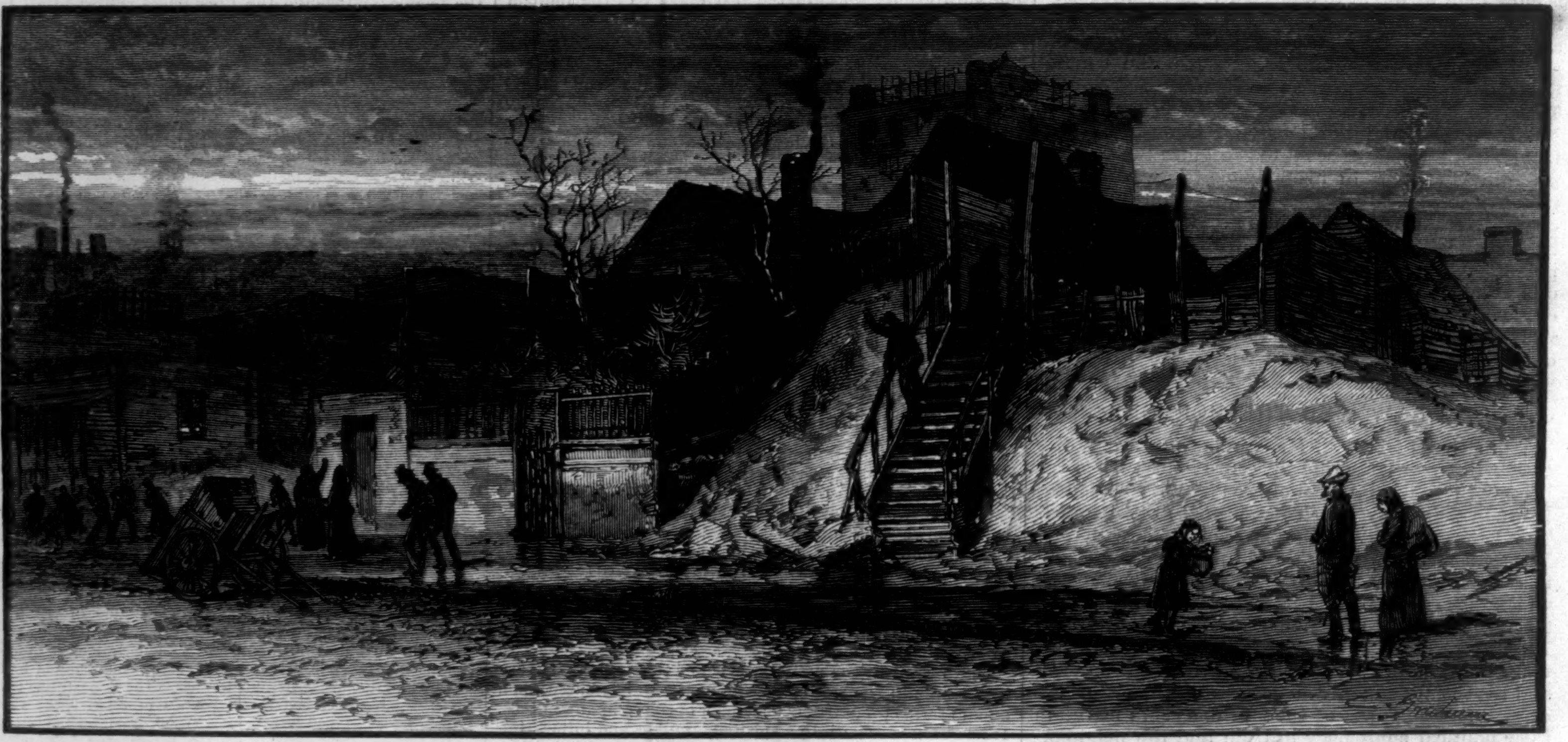
THE HON. BANCROFT DAVIS.
Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 900.]



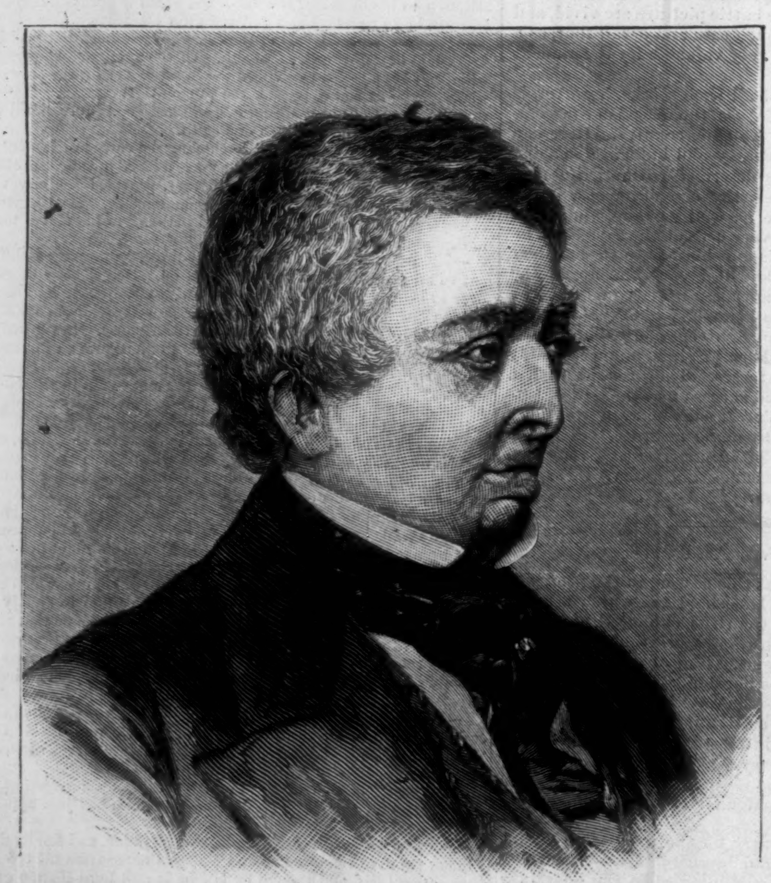
THE HON. WILLIAM H. TRESCOTT.
Photographed by Bradley & Rulofson.—[See Page 895.]



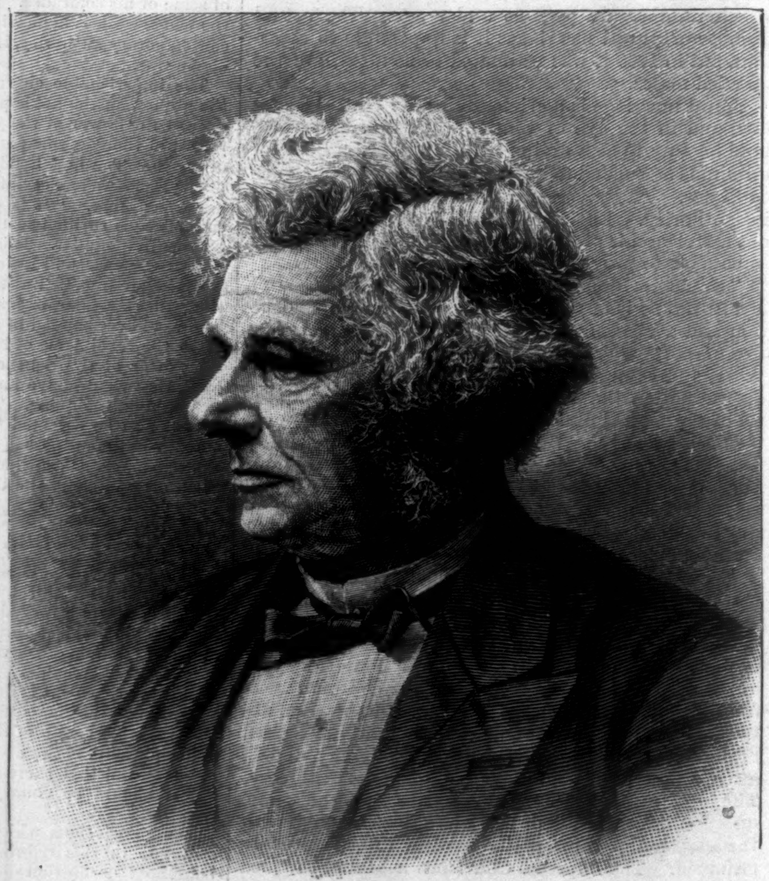
THE LATE SIRO DELMONICO.
Photographed by Mora.—[See Page 895.]



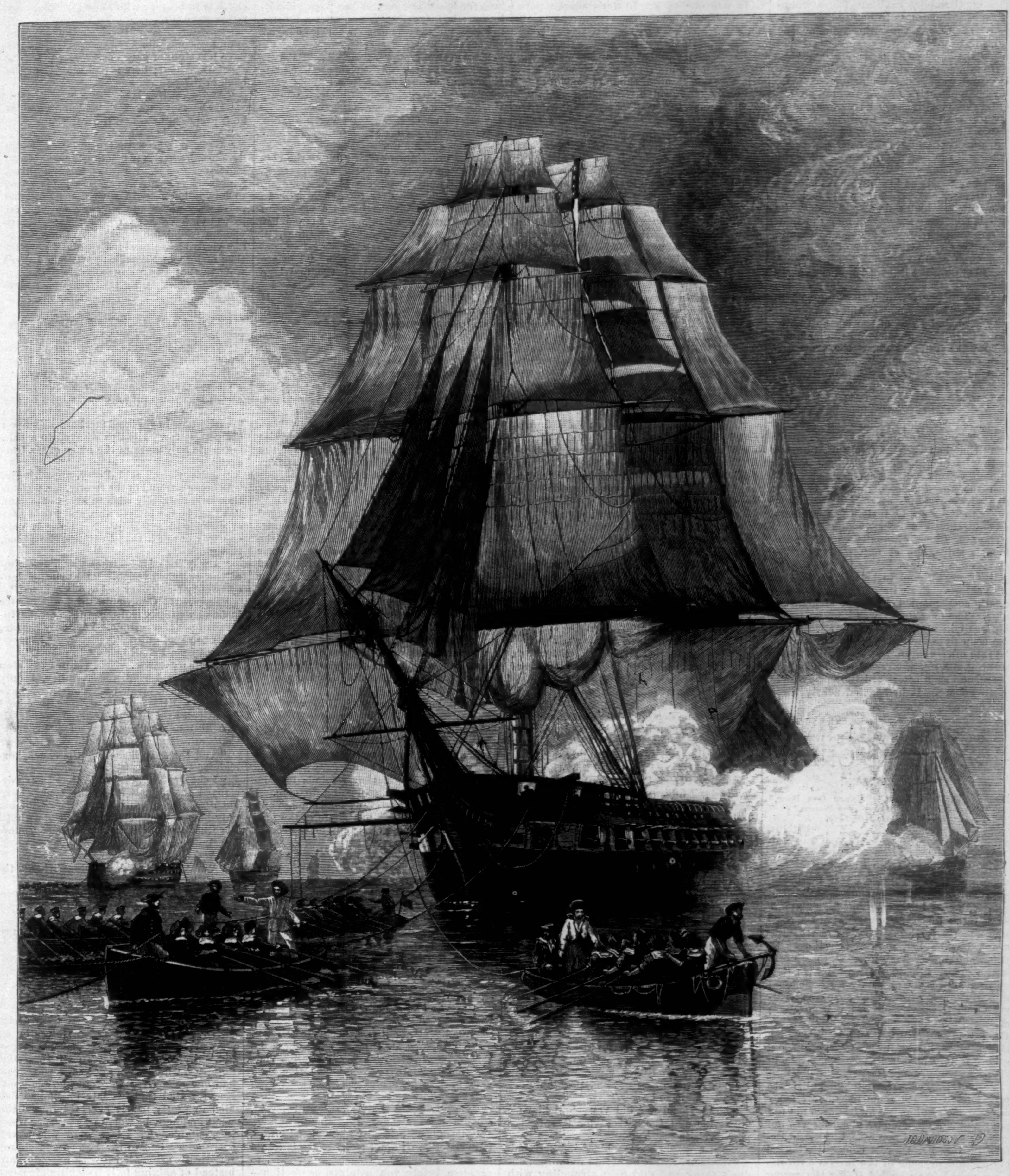
"HELL'S KITCHEN," NEW YORK.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 902.]



THE HON. B. H. BREWSTER.—Photographed by Stockton Stokes.—[See Page 895.]



THOMAS C. ACTON.—Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 899.]



ESCAPE OF THE FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION" AFTER THREE DAYS' CHASE BY BRITISH SHIPS.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

"OLD IRONSIDES."

ONE of the most remarkable incidents in the career of the frigate *Constitution*, familiarly known as "Old Ironsides," was her escape from a fleet of English men-of-war in the month of July, 1812. As the glorious old ship has just been dismantled and laid up in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, no more to breast the waves, our readers will be interested in recalling the story of that escape. The narrative is condensed from the account in COOPER'S *Naval History*.

The *Constitution*, under command of Captain HULL, sailed from Annapolis on the 12th of July, and stood to the northward. She had a new crew, and being provisioned for a long cruise, was deep in the water. On the 17th she sighted a man-of-war, which subsequently proved to be the *Guerriere*. Four other sail were also sighted, and all five appeared to be in company. The afternoon and night passed without incident, but in the morning Captain HULL discovered two frigates on the lee quarter, and astern were a ship of the line, two frigates, a brig, and a schooner.

It was now quite calm, and the *Constitution* hoisted out her boats, and sent them ahead to tow. By six o'clock a light wind came from the northward of west; the ship's head was got round to the southward, and all the light canvas that would draw was set. Soon afterward Captain HULL, finding that the enemy was likely to close, as he was able to pull the boats of two ships on one, ordered all the spare rigging which was fit for the purpose to be payed down into the cutters. Then a kedge was run out nearly half a mile ahead, and let go. At a signal given, the crew clapped on, and walked away with the ship, overrunning and tripping the kedge as she came up with the end of the line. While this was doing, fresh lines and another kedge were carried ahead, and though out of sight of land, the frigate glided away from her pursuers before they discovered the manner in which it was done. It was not long, however, before the enemy resorted to the same expedient......By nine the nearest frigate, the *Shannon*, on which the English had put most of their boats, was closing fast, and there was every prospect, notwithstanding the steadiness and activity of the *Constitution's* people, that the frigate just mentioned would get near enough to cripple her, when her capture by the rest of the squadron would be inevitable. At this trying moment the best spirit prevailed in the ship. Everything was stoppered; and Captain HULL was not without hopes, even should he be forced into action, of throwing the *Shannon* astern by his fire, and of maintaining his distance from the other vessels. It was known that the enemy could not tow very near, as it would have been easy to sink his boats with the stern guns of the *Constitution*, and not a man in the latter vessel showed a disposition to despondency.

This was a critical moment. The *Shannon* was fast closing, while the *Guerriere* was almost as near on the larboard quarter. Suddenly, about nine o'clock, a light breeze from the southward struck the ship, bringing her to windward. The skillful manner in which this advantage was improved excited admiration even in the enemy. As the breeze was seen coming, the ship's sails were trimmed, and as soon as she was under command, she was brought close up to the wind on the larboard tack. The boats were all dropped in alongside; those that belonged to the davits were run up, while the others were just lifted clear of the water by purchases on the spare outboard spars, where they were in readiness to be used at a moment's notice. As the ship came by the wind she brought the *Guerriere* nearly on her lee beam, when that frigate opened a fire from her broadside. While the shot of this vessel were just falling short of them, the people of the *Constitution* were hoisting up their boats with as much steadiness as if the duty was performing in a friendly port. In about an hour, however, it fell nearly calm again, when Captain HULL ordered a quantity of the water started to lighten the ship. More than two thousand gallons were pumped out, and the boats were sent ahead again to tow.

For several hours during the day the enemy's frigates were within long gunshot, but not sufficiently near for effective work. Evening came, and the boats of the *Constitution* were again sent out ahead to tow. Toward midnight a light air from the southward struck the ship, and the sailors, for the first time in many hours, were allowed to sleep. On the morning of the next day it was found that three of the enemy's ships were within long gunshot on the lee quarter, and the other at about the same distance on the lee beam. "The scene," says COOPER, "was very beautiful, and of great interest to the lovers of nautical exhibitions. The weather was mild and lovely, the sea smooth as a pond, and there was quite wind enough to remove the necessity of any of the extraordinary means of getting ahead that had been so freely used during the previous eight-and-forty hours. All the English vessels had got on the same tack with the *Constitution* again, and the five frigates were clouds of canvas from their trucks to the water. Including the American ship, eleven sail were in sight."

The *Constitution* gradually gained on the enemy's ships, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, a pleasant breeze having sprung up, they were found to be more than four miles astern. Early in the evening a heavy squall, accompanied by rain, struck the ships. The *Constitution* was brought under short sail in an incredibly short time, and was soon flying away from her pursuers at the rate of eleven knots. At daylight next morning the nearest vessel was hull down astern, and soon afterward the enemy gave up the chase. It had lasted nearly three days and as many nights.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF,"
"WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED,"
"WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHECK AND COUNTER-CHECK.

THOUGH Percy Fibbert's last interview with Clare had not been wholly satisfactory, his conduct had betrayed no sign of it; his temper, to say the truth, was not of the best, and when once let loose was one of the worst, but he had great control over it. You would never have guessed, to see him in the presence of his betrothed with that smiling air of his, and only an occasional sigh to show her how cruelly she was treating him, what a volcano of impatience was raging within him; how he despised all that affectation of affection and regret which seemed to find relief in procrastination, and was only one degree less contemptible in his eyes than prudery itself.

Perhaps if he could have told her all, Clare would have named some reasonably early date for their union, but all he dared not tell her; and mere passionate pleading was not only of no avail in her case, but might defeat its object. Clare's coldness whetted his passion, or some of the lawyer's revelations might have cooled it, for the young man had as keen an eye to the main chance as his uncle, though he pursued it under other conditions. He liked risk—that is, the gambler's "perfect certainties"—for its own sake; and when he had once promised anything (to himself), was most honorably resolute to keep his word. Thus it happened that when Mr. Oldcastle pointed out that Mr. Lyster's affairs were not only bad in themselves, but were involved in certain, or rather uncertain, contingencies, Percy received the information with considerable philosophy. If an investment was in an unlimited company, then it must be got out of it; if a security was shaky, it must be disposed of for what it would fetch—advice it was easier to offer than to put into effect.

One morning as Percy was leaving the house the lawyer called him into the study.

"Look here," he said. "I have been going into these things," pointing to a little heap of papers labelled personal expenses. "They are of little consequence as compared with other matters; but what do you think of this?"

It was one of Mr. Lyster's checks, payable to "self or bearer," and crossed as usual, for £25.

"I see nothing peculiar in it," said Percy; "that is his signature, if you mean that."

"No doubt; but look on the other side—what do you think of the indorsement?"

"Samuel Chigwell? That's odd, certainly."

Mr. Samuel Chigwell, or Sam Chigwell, as he was more generally called, was a cousin of Mr. Lyster's second wife, and the most disreputable member of what at best was not a very respectable family. He had some little property of his own, supposed to have been acquired in the lower walks of sporting life, such as dog-fighting and pigeon-shooting, and which had placed him in the enjoyment of a banker's account. It was no wonder, therefore, that on seeing Mr. Lyster's check with Sam's indorsement, Mr. Percy Fibbert should have exclaimed, "That's odd, certainly."

"You know Master Sam—to speak to—don't you?" inquired Mr. Oldcastle, dryly.

"Yes, I know him, as you say, to speak to, or rather to nod to," said Percy, indifferently.

"Well, I dare say it's all right—indeed, we have it under Mr. Lyster's hand—but I should just like to have that view confirmed. If the check was paid directly to Mr. Chigwell, it could hardly be for value received, and otherwise I don't see how it comes here through his hands."

"That's true," said Percy; "I'll find it out." And he folded the check with his usual neatness, and put it in his note case.

That very evening as he came out of the pool-room of the local club he met Mr. Samuel Chigwell in the street, and, considering he only knew him "to nod to," addressed him with considerable familiarity.

"I say, Sam, I want a word with you; just walk a few yards with me up Jessops Lane."

Having attained this retired spot, Percy stopped suddenly, laid his hand on the other's coat collar, and exclaimed, in a voice of suppressed passion,

"What have you been saying about me to Gerald Lyster, you drunken dog?"

"Nothing, s'elp me. I never breathed your name," replied the other, with much earnestness, but with some difficulty of articulation.

"But you breathed Jennings's name, which is worse."

"Strike me dead if I did; that is, not as I know of. I was a little 'on' the other night when we were at billiards at the Crown together, but not so bad as to do that."

"You did, I say," answered the other, passionately. "Gerald knows all about it."

"It don't follow that I told him," was the dogged reply. "There's others as knows it besides me. It's a thing that must come out sooner or later."

"If it comes out sooner, it will be the worse for you."

"Now, really, Master Percy, this is very hard," answered Chigwell, in a tone between a whimper and a whine. "I give you my word of honor—"

"What?"

"Well, well, you must let a fellow tell his story his own way. I was no more 'on' at the Crown that night than I am at this blessed moment of time."

He pronounced "moment" in several syllables, and made his "blessed" very soft and squashy.

"You drunken beast," cried Percy through his teeth, "what did Lyster give you for telling him? If you lie I'll kill you. And, besides, I know the exact sum. It was a check for five-and-twenty pounds."

"That's right. Passable, peaceable—I mean payable to bearer."

"So you sold me, did you—told him all about me and the horses—for twenty-five pounds?"

"Not a word. Not a blooming syllabub—syllable. Might have said Jennings, but don't think so," said Sam, struggling with a gigantic effort of memory. "Never mentioned your name, that I'll go to the chop—I mean stake—upon."

"Then why did he give you the money?"

"Long account—billiards, drink, bets, all sorts of things. Got tired of waiting. 'Pay me what you owe me,' says I, 'or, by hooky, I'll tell your father'—dying, you know," added Sam, with a cunning leer—"which put the screw on, you see, on my young friend."

"You mean if his father had known what the money was for, he might have cut him out of his will."

"Just so. We are up to snuff, we two." And he stroked the other's shoulder in a manner that expressed at once conciliation and sympathy.

"I didn't half like the check," he continued; "I should have much preferred the shiners; but, as it happened, it was all right. I suppose the old man got soft-hearted at the last. But of course he didn't know that the check was coming to me, and when Gerald heard I had put my name on it, he wanted it back again, offered me five stiff 'uns for it—where he got 'em from nobody knows; but, says I, 'Why, I ain't a blooming fool, my lad: I got your check changed the same day.'"

"A very proper precaution," said Percy, in modified tones; "only in future be equally prudent about my affairs as about your own, or you'll get into trouble. I don't threaten twice, mind."

"I'll be as close as wax, Percy. Your secrets are my own. It's Jennings & Company, and I'm the Co."

"How are things getting on at the cottage?" inquired the other, abruptly.

"Worse and worse. She is sorry enough, I reckon, that she ever took such pains to catch him. And now there's a young 'un coming that makes him more hard upon her—as is but natural," added Mr. Chigwell, apologetically.

"Just so," said Percy, dryly. "You are quite sure, by-the-bye, that the marriage was a legal one?"

"Certain sure. I was there myself. It was the neatest thing. Gerald was sent to town to learn how things were done at your London agents', and then he combined pleasure with business; both parties resided in the same parish for the proper time, and had their banns put up all regular. It was his contrivance, not hers, of course; but she fell into it very easy; and now, poor thing, she wishes it undone. That often comes of marriage, don't it?"

"I dare say. Now look you, Chigwell; keep a quiet tongue in your head for the future, and not a word of my having spoken to you to-night, mind that."

He turned on his heel, and walked away without another word.

The next morning, as Gerald was engaged in his room at the mill in his usual occupation—biting his nails and looking out of the window at the strong horses drawing their huge loads up the steep incline of the yard—he saw Percy coming his way. Under ordinary circumstances he would have plunged, as it were, head-foremost into the ledger; but since he had obtained that little loan of his brother-in-law that was to be he had grown more independent. The borrower, in his case, in place of being the servant of the lender, had got the upper hand of him, and he did not scruple to show it.

"Well, Percy, how goes it?" inquired the young gentleman, producing a toothpick.

"Do you mean the business? Oh, extending on all sides, like an octopus."

"The business!" answered Gerald, contemptuously. "What do I care about the business? Though that reminds me," he added, suddenly, "I am going to care. I think I have been working long enough and hard enough without any share of the profits, and by hook or crook I intend to become a partner."

"Well, as to that, Gerald," observed the other, smiling, "I am only a junior myself, you know. I have no power."

"You mean that you have not the will," answered Gerald, sulkily. "I have heard you say that you could do most things for which you had a mind, so just have a mind for this, will you?"

"You shall have my good word, Gerald, when the time comes, you may be sure."

"That's all very well; but when will the time come? I can only say that in the mean while I must look to somebody to have it made up to me—that's only fair."

"Well, well, we'll see what can be done. Your penmanship, I must say"—here he turned over the ledger—"is first-rate. Your handwriting is ever so much better than your poor father's, and yet sometimes I see a likeness."

"I never heard that before," said Gerald, surlily.

"It's only occasionally; but when it's like, it's very like. I don't mean to say it would deceive an expert. Of course you had to practice before you attained perfection—that is, almost perfection. They are what Mr. Jennings calls trial gallops."

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"Well, it's rather delicate to explain; but to a person of your keen intelligence a hint will suffice. Do you recognize this check? Not so near, if you please: you have very good eyes, and I don't wish it to be thrown in the fire. It is, or has been, money."

"I see that."

"And you have never seen it before?"

"Never."

"How curious!—then I must have been misinformed."

From white to red, from red to white again, and then to a leaden gray, with moisture on it, grew Gerald's face. But his voice was confident as brass as he once more repeated, "Never."

"The story I have heard," continued Percy, his eyes fixed on him with relentless scorn, "is that you gave this check to Sam Chigwell, in discharge for a debt you owed him."

"Sam is a liar, as everybody knows; the check is to bearer: who knows to whom my father gave it?"

"In your very natural excitement and apprehensions," observed Percy, coldly, "you have lost sight of your business habits. The check is crossed; here is Sam's name at the back of it."

"And what if it is?"

"It shows it came into his hands, and, as he is prepared to swear, from you."

"And what if it did?"

"Well, it shows that other people are liars besides Sam, for you have just said you had never seen it. However, that's nothing. Sam is prepared to swear that you wanted to buy it back again with five five-pound notes—*my* notes. I don't blame you, for it would have been worth the money to you, my friend, ten times told. I don't wonder you were so anxious to assist your father of late in his private affairs. I don't wonder that you were so anxious and excited in your manner that some people really began to give you credit for filial sorrow."

"I deny everything," said Gerald, doggedly.

"Very good; that is, you reserve your defense. In that case the bank has no alternative but to prosecute you for forgery."

Gerald staggered and sat down; or rather he fell backward into a chair, where he lay huddled up like a heap of clothes, but with his frightened eyes fixed mechanically upon his persecutor. His lips essayed to speak, but could only murmur the name of Mr. Oldcastle.

"Quite right," said Percy, approvingly. "As being a friend of the family, Mr. Oldcastle would naturally wish to avoid exposure, but then he is a lawyer also, and would never compound a felony. No, there is only one way out of it that I can see," he added, thoughtfully.

"A way out of it?—what way?" exclaimed the wretched youth. "I'd pay the money twenty times over to have it squared."

"Squared! One would think the matter in hand was forty shillings or six weeks, instead of penal servitude. Your only chance, sir, is to plead guilty."

"But then I shall be sent to prison."

"Not necessarily. No, I think I can stop that. When I said plead guilty, I only meant make a clean breast of it. I have brought a little slip of writing in case I found you in a sensible frame of mind. It is a full acknowledgment of your error, that's all. But you'll have to sign it."

"And then you'll destroy the check," exclaimed Gerald, eagerly.

"I shall tell Mr. Oldcastle that I have destroyed it, which will be the same thing. He does not know what I know; he has only his suspicions. I shall tell him that I have made inquiries, and found them groundless."

"And the bank?"

"What can the bank do without the check?"

"I'll sign it," gasped Gerald. "And henceforth I'll never bother you—I won't, upon my word, Percy—about Jennings."

"I'm quite sure you won't," said Percy, grimly, as Gerald signed it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS DARRELL'S VIEWS ON GIRLS.

MR. LYSTER'S affairs were left in a condition so intricate, as Mr. Oldcastle expressed it, that their settlement seemed indefinitely postponed. To all Sir Peter's inquiries, which were numerous, the lawyer had one answer—"I do not know myself." He protested that his late client had dabbled in pretty nearly everything, and that what he might be worth was for the present incalculable. This last word was a very satisfactory one to Sir Peter, who characteristically associated it with untold wealth instead of affixing to it its legitimate meaning. When closely pressed as to the possible sum, the lawyer resolutely shook his head. "You must surely know within a few thousand pounds," persisted Sir Peter.

"No, sir," said Mr. Oldcastle; "nor yet within twenty thousand," which was strictly true, since even that amount might turn out to be a drop in the ocean of his late client's liabilities as respected his unlimited ventures. Sir Peter never suspected that the sum might be a minus quantity, and in Mr. Oldcastle's opinion it was not his business to enlighten him. He entertained a great regard for Clare, whose happiness he perceived was in Percy's keeping, and his object was to do his best for the young couple. He had a lawyer's regard for agreements, and that notion which he perceived Sir Peter had in his head of the marriage being made dependent upon how Clare was "left," offended his sense of right. Mr. Oldcastle would not perhaps have been so solicitous that the course of true love should run smooth had he entertained the same opinion of Mr. Percy Fibbert as of yore.

But since Mr. Lyster's death he had seen a good deal of the young man, and was inclined to dismiss certain prejudices he had formed against him.

Moreover, he was very favorably impressed with his conduct toward Gerald. He had asked him "how about the check," and Percy had given him an evasive answer. "But I must know, my dear sir, if there is anything wrong about it. It is a mere question of duty. If Sam Chigwell has obtained that check improperly, his being poor Lyster's cousin shall not screen him from the consequences."

"Sam Chigwell was not to blame in the matter," replied Percy, with a pained look.

"That is as good as saying that some one else was."

"It was a disreputable transaction upon somebody's part," admitted Percy, unwillingly, "but it would be better—much better—to say nothing about it."

"My dear young sir, I appreciate your motives, but this is a business affair. As Mr. Lyster's executor I must at least know whether that check was honestly come by."

"I am sorry to say," answered Percy, quietly, "that I must decline to answer that question. The check is burned."

"Burned! Who burned it?"

"I did. It is, as you say, a business affair; and here is the twenty-five pounds, which makes all square."

"And you are paying that sum out of your own pocket?"

"Well," said Percy, with a forced smile, "it is your duty to take it as a part of the estate, but not to ask embarrassing questions. However, between ourselves, I am. Pray let us say no more about it."

Mr. Oldcastle shook his head as he took the notes, but he did take them. That Gerald had behaved in some disreputable way, he was well convinced, and he was far from wishing to know the details. On the other hand, Percy seemed to have behaved admirably; and that young gentleman, who had the check quite safe in his note-book, was very well satisfied with what had taken place. "I have scratched a horse before now," he said to himself, "but never paid forfeit to such advantage." He felt that Gerald was more under his thumb than ever, while he had secured a powerful advocate upon his side in many ways, but especially with Clare.

If that young lady, indeed, had been of the other sex, it would have been difficult for her to resist the arguments which were addressed to her in favor of an early marriage. A decent interval had now elapsed since her loss, and it seemed reasonable enough that she should turn her thoughts toward matrimony, instead of casting backward glances, as it were, upon the tomb. But being a woman, argument and reason, even though her own feelings seconded their efforts, were powerless against sentiment. The voice of her father's disapprobation still rang in her ears, though doubtless with failing strength; she still pleaded for time.

To Miss Darrell, to whom she had often spoke upon the subject generally, one may be sure she said nothing of this. She only affirmed that her heart was for the present too sore with sorrow to permit her to think of love. It was rather unsatisfactory that to these protestations the little old lady confined herself in her replies to "Just so" and "Indeed." Talkative enough upon other matters, she was very reticent upon this one, nor did she even volunteer one syllable of advice. To Herbert Newton, however, she was less reserved. His scientific invention had not yet been brought to perfection, the weather being still very unfavorable to subaqueous experiments, and he had therefore postponed his departure for South America, and was still an occasional visitor at the Lodge.

One afternoon, when Miss Darrell and the young engineer happened to be alone together, "Does Clare ever talk to you about her marriage?" inquired the old lady, bluntly.

"To me! Good heavens! I mean," he added, repenting of the astonishment in his tone, which he saw had excited hardly less surprise in his companion, "it would be surely strange if she did so. Young women don't usually talk to young men about such things."

"But you are her cousin, and her father's dearest friend," replied the other, shutting one of her bright eyes, and threading her needle with deft deliberation. "Why shouldn't she?"

"For that very reason," answered Herbert, quietly. "Her father never took to Percy, and she naturally imagines that I may share his prejudices."

"And do you?"

"Well, speaking for one's self, one does not call one's dislikes prejudices; but I do not like Percy Fibbert."

"That is frank, at all events. Your ways are always above-board; that I will say for you. I don't believe," said the old lady, smiling, "that you will ever be able to breathe under water, Herbert. You must let some one else make your experiments for you. However, I think I know why you don't like our young friend."

"Indeed," said Herbert, with an answering smile; and, in a tone of affected indifference, "that is very clever of you."

"Yes; the reason is"—and she paused here, which was cruel of the old lady, since the poor lad was blushing scarlet—"that you and Percy are so different in this matter—I mean as to plain sailing. He tacks a good deal. *I* call him Percy Fibber."

"I am not going to say a word against him," said Herbert, resolutely.

"Of course not; *noblesse oblige*. But you know that he tells stories. He told one yesterday to Clare."

"It is just possible," said Herbert.

"Well, there now, I should never have thought you could have been so bitter. But this was not an ordinary story; it was a bolder flight of the imagination than usual. And what's more, I don't think Clare believes it."

"Indeed." The word, so far from being indifferent, had this time a good deal of interest in it.

"Yes. It is the first time, perhaps, that Clare has had suspicions of his veracity; but they are certainly aroused. He was pressing his suit, as usual, importuning her (as I must say he has some right to do) to name the day for their marriage; and she, also as usual, was pleading the newness of her sorrow, which is really not now so very new. 'What you mean,' he said, getting, I fancy, a little out of temper, 'is that you can't forget your father's objections to our union. That they existed at one time I do not deny, but I do assure you, Clare, he surmounted them. He told me so with his own lips.'"

"That is a lie," cried Herbert, vehemently.

"Hush! hush! Some people think that all things are fair in love and war; let us call it a stratagem. Of course Mr. Fibber was very particular as to the date of the interview in which Mr. Lyster withdrew his opposition. It was December the 7th. Clare told me that Percy and her father had a long talk together on that day."

"That was true," assented Herbert.

"I supposed so. Percy is not a man to go wrong as to circumstance. But as to the main fact, Clare is doubtful. Percy's assertion has had a very painful effect on her. I told her that she should endeavor to place herself in the young man's position, and not be too hard upon him."

"Then I think you did very wrong," put in Herbert, bluntly.

Miss Darrell looked at him with twinkling eyes. "How odd it is that scientific folks are always so simple!" she said. "The mathematical master in my school, to whom algebra was easy, and was understood to know something even of logarithms, could never understand when the girls were laughing at him. Not that I am laughing at you, Mr. Herbert, of course. But is it possible that you, to whom creating a vacuum is, I suppose, quite a common occurrence, can imagine that Mr. Percy Fibber is likely to profit by any advocacy of mine, or that defending him to Clare is the way to further his interest with her?"

"I should certainly say that it was the way."

"G—ood heavens!" exclaimed the old lady, "and this is the man who is going to teach us to breathe under water! Why, a child of fourteen—that is, a girl child—would know that to take a woman's part in a quarrel with her lover is to turn her complaint into approval, and to reunite them at once."

"I did not know you wished them to be disunited."

"Nor would you ever have guessed it had I not told you. I flatter myself Clare does not know it herself; but I do wish it, nevertheless."

"It is no use wishing, however," sighed Herbert.

"No. But, thanks to what Mr. Fibber, when speaking of it to me, has termed 'Clare's exquisite sensitiveness,' and when speaking of it to himself—for I happened to hear him once on the landing—her 'infernal obstinacy,' we have still time upon our side; and the longer she knows Percy as a lover, the better chance she has of finding him out, and rejecting him as a husband."

"She will never do that now," sighed Herbert, "since she clove to him when her father was alive, and spoke to her against the match."

"My dear Mr. Herbert, you may understand steam locomotion, but it is quite plain you know nothing of the workings of a woman's mind. There is an old riddle that compares our sex to ivy because 'the greater the ruin, the closer it clings' (one of your cynical sex has answered it the other way, 'the closer it clings, the greater the ruin'; that's rubbish). I don't say the more worthless a man is, the more a good girl loves him, but the more he is abused, the more unquestionably she feels inclined to stand by him. In my opinion—and I ought to know something of girls' minds—Percy has not advanced in Clare's good graces since your uncle's death."

"But, my dear madam, they are engaged to be married."

"And you've been engaged as deputy assistant acting engineer to the Pernambuco Railway any time within the last six months, yet here you are still at Stokeville."

"But that's because my experiments are not finished."

"And perhaps some one else is trying experiments."

"What! do you really think Clare has doubts of him? Oh, my dear Miss Darrell, if you knew what I think—I do not say—of Percy—I do not wish to speak of any man behind his back—but the apprehensions I entertain for Clare's happiness, which I believe is about to be intrusted to unsafe hands! I ventured once, with no sinister or selfish intention, Heaven knows, to say as much. I told her she was throwing herself away. I warned her that a day would come when she would think as much."

"You did, did you?" cried the old lady, throwing up her hands. "And this is a man who makes railways—one of those to whose intelligence and foresight honest folks intrust themselves whenever they go a journey. It's enough to make the poorest take post-horses. Clare may marry, sir—partly thanks to you; of course she will find out her mistake; but if she confesses it, after what you have said to her, and to *you*, I'll swallow this case of needles. Pray go away—go to the—junction. Black yourself, oil yourself, attend to your business, but don't come here (unless you can keep your mouth shut) till I send for you. It may be Clare will want your help."

"Clare! Oh, Miss Darrell, if I could but serve her!"

"Of course. I know all that. I said, it may be. If we want you, I'll let you know. The idea of your having told her *that!* no wonder she keeps you at arm's-length. *I* would if I were she. Go away, sir. You'll do no harm? You'll never speak? I am not so sure of that; indeed, you've spoken enough, and done harm enough, to last a professional mischief-maker for his natural life. Go away, sir."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HON. W. H. TRESCOTT.

William Henry Trescott, who has been dispatched on an important embassy to the South American republics of Chili, Peru, and Bolivia, is a native of Charleston, South Carolina. He was educated at Harvard, and was appointed by Mr. Pierce Secretary of Legation at London. During the Presidency of Mr. Buchanan he was made Assistant Secretary of State, and at one period was Acting Secretary of State. When his native State seceded, Mr. Trescott resigned, and lived in retirement during the continuance of the war and for some years afterward. In 1875 he began the practice of law at Washington, and in 1876 appeared as counsel for the United States before the Halifax Fisheries Commission. In 1880 he was one of the Commissioners to negotiate the treaty between the United States and China—a duty which he performed with great success. Mr. Trescott is regarded as a man of great moderation and of great tact. He is a graceful writer. A book published by him in 1850 on American diplomacy attracted considerable attention. We may expect that he will succeed in discharging with honor to the country the important and delicate functions with which he is now charged.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Because a man wearing a tall white hat had offended some ruffians in Missouri, they declared that they would kill the next man that came among them similarly attired as to his head. The unconsciously offending person happened to be a man named Stead, and he was murdered.

The story comes from Russia that a prisoner is in custody there who says he was one of four men who were stationed where the Czar was to pass on the day that he was assassinated. The first and second men threw the bombs that were concealed under their clothing. This man, whose name is Emilianoff, was the fourth in the line. He says that when he saw the Czar fall, he ran to him, and supported him on his right arm till other help came, and that he still held under his left arm a bomb similar to that used by the assassins.

There is one portion of New York city that is noisy during every minute of the time from the beginning of the new year to the close of the old, and that is Chatham Square. One need only be in that vicinity at any hour of the night when a pistol-shot is heard—which is not a rare occurrence—to have evidence of what the police authorities think of the locality. A few nights ago, shortly after midnight, the bang of a pistol was heard in one of the bar-rooms near the lower side of the square, and almost instantaneously the forms of a dozen policemen were seen hurrying from as many directions toward the spot whence came the sound. A young fellow who claimed that he had shot at a man who tried to rob him was taken out of a brawling crowd, and hurried away to a police station.

Things would seem to be in a rather unsettled condition in the once prosperous island of Scio, in the Grecian Archipelago. Earthquakes are frequent there, hot springs are bubbling up throughout the island, the land seems to be sinking into the sea, and it is feared that it will entirely disappear.

A writer in Paris, who has also been an actor, has published a schedule of charges made by the *claque* for various grades of applause. One of the most expensive compliments which actors can thus purchase is repeated recalls, and the charge is $10. A sigh of relief at the close of a death scene costs $2 50.

The London *World* offered a prize for the best brief definition of a kiss. Among many sentimental ones, the following definition was offered: "A kiss is merely a contraction of the orbicularis orismuscle."

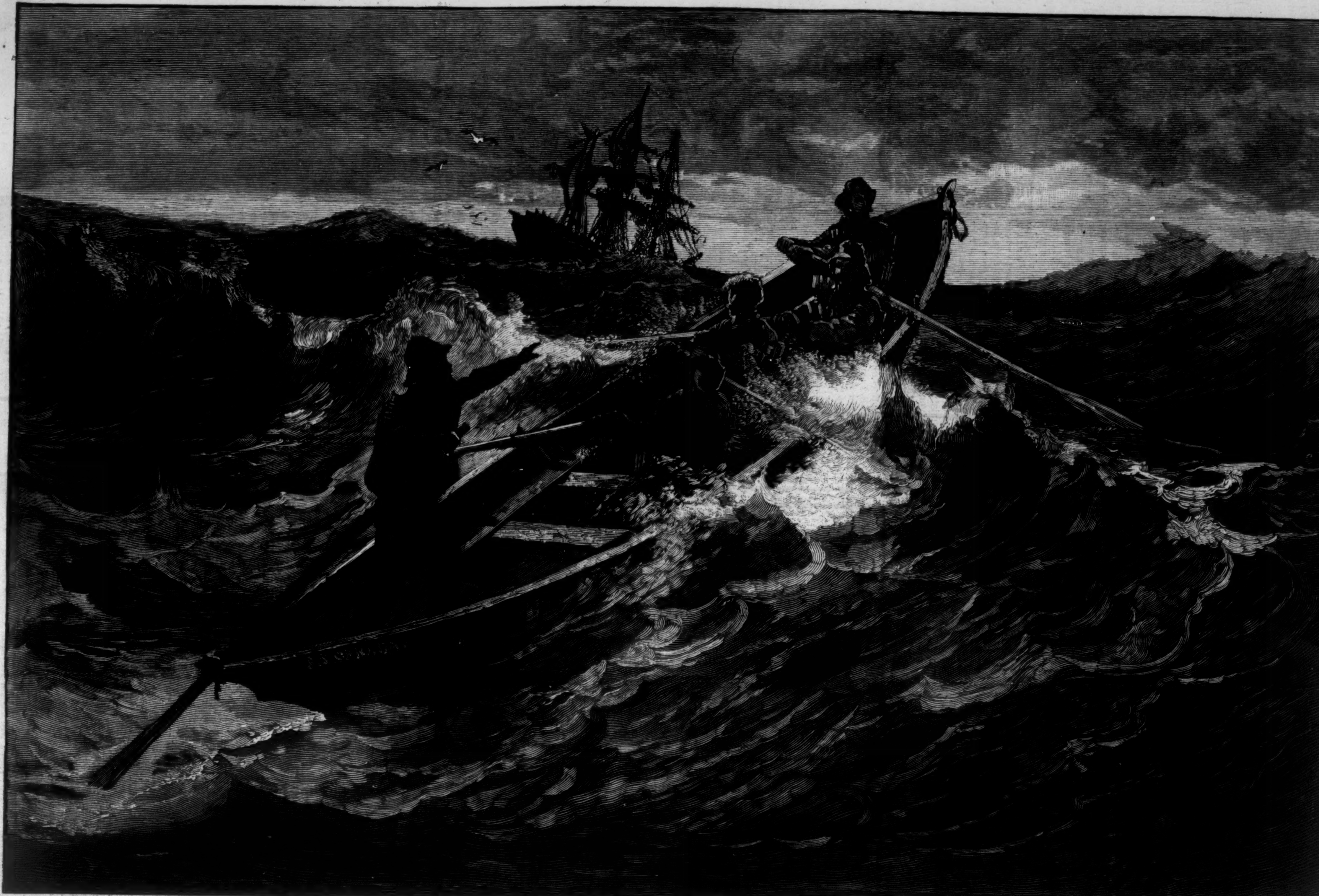
That many of the show windows in the city are tastefully and artistically arranged for the holiday season is indicated by the throngs which remain in front of them throughout the day and evening. But there are some instances in which the desire to make an elaborate display with the articles kept for sale within gets the better of good taste, and then the artistic instinct of the beholder is not gratified. A red lobster grazing upon a moss-capped mountain-peak in a restaurant window, while oysters unincumbered by shells seem to be climbing in droves from crag to crag, and pickled pigs' feet wallow in the intervening valleys, bears evidence of an earnest desire to please the city public by unfolding a realistic representation of bucolic scenery; but there are features in it so open to criticism that they scarcely need to be particularized in this connection. The red lobster presents a lively contrast with the mountain's mantle of green; but while it might be assumed that a live lobster would enjoy such a clamber, it is quite impossible to imagine a lobster thus engaged after having undergone the only process by which lobsters are made red—that of boiling. Whatever may be said of the appropriateness of an oyster in his native wilds, it can not be urged with any show of reason that, denuded of his shell, and set upon a mountain crag, he has any of the gracefulness of the gazelle. Much has been said in favor of pickled pigs' feet, but not in respect to their uses as above mentioned. A single show window of this kind, analyzed with painstaking fidelity, presents incongruities sufficient to be a forcible warning to tradesmen generally.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL BREWSTER.

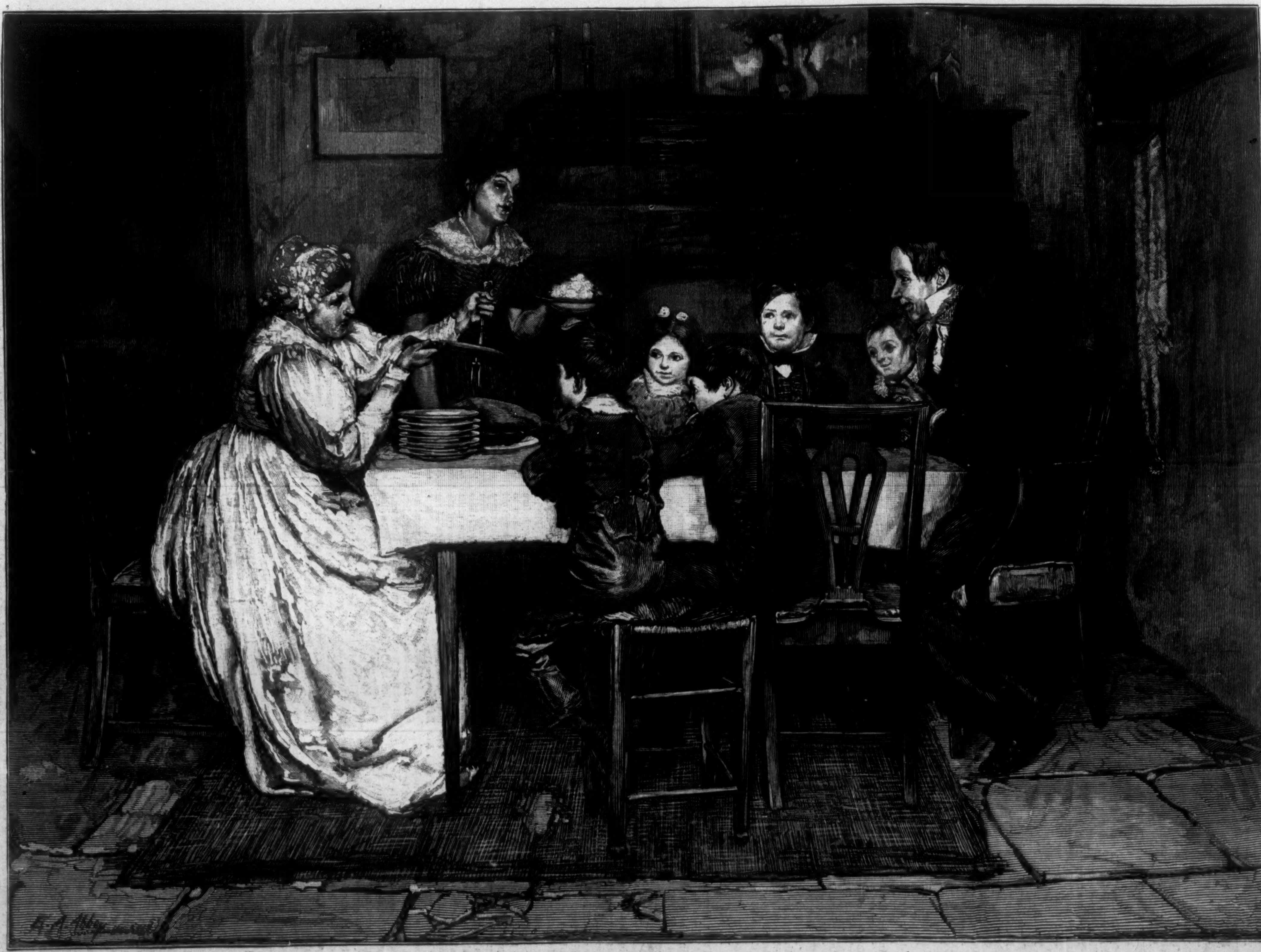
Mr. Benjamin Harris Brewster, the new Attorney-General of the United States, was born October 13, 1816, in Salem County, New Jersey. He graduated at Princeton College in 1834, and immediately entered upon the study of law in the office of Mr. Eli K. Price, in Philadelphia. In 1838 he was admitted to practice at the bar, and soon attained great prominence in his profession. He was appointed by President Polk a Commissioner to adjudicate the claims of the Cherokee Indians against the United States, and in 1867 was appointed Attorney-General of the State of Pennsylvania by Governor Geary. For forty years Mr. Brewster has been regarded as one of the foremost lawyers of Philadelphia, and has been retained as counsel in a large number of celebrated cases. He has also won renown as a classical scholar, lecturer, and orator.

SIRO DELMONICO.

Mr. Siro Delmonico, who died on the 19th inst., in his fifty-eighth year, was the last of that remarkable family of brothers whose fame in their profession was known throughout the world. Indeed, it may be said that no other family in culinary history has so continuously and successfully maintained its reputation, or amassed so great a fortune. In none of the leading cities of the world, not excepting Paris or London, is there an establishment in which the best cookery and service are so promptly obtainable as in the Broadway, Beaver, or Broad Street restaurants, while the leading establishment in Fifth Avenue, both in the extent and perfection of its resources and details, is conceded to be peerless. Mr. Siro Delmonico was well known to the habitués of all these resorts, and very highly esteemed for the urbanity of his manners, the serenity of his temper, his pleasant and genial ways, and his unostentatious but liberal charities. For many years his health had been infirm, and his physicians had long since intimated to him that his tenure of life was exceedingly uncertain. He will be long and affectionately remembered by a large circle of friends.



RESCUE OF THE CREW OF THE BARK "ANNA" BY THE STEAM-SHIP "CANADA."—From a Sketch by George W. Boland, a Passenger on the "Canada."—[See Page 899.]



BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 898.]

"It was succeeded by a breathless pause—as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it into the breast."—*Dickens's "Christmas Carol."*

A BIRD SANG AT A PRISON DOOR.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

A bird sang at a prison door
One lovely, sunny Christmas-day;
Of notes it had but three or four,
But very clear and sweet were they.
And one within, who, for some sin,
Though yet he knew not manhood's years,
Imprisoned for long months had been,
Heard it with many bitter tears.

For thus the song was borne to him:
"Oh, happy cottage by the sea,
Near which, a nest on every limb,
Stands, straight and tall, the cedar-tree,
Where in the garden lilies grow,
And shells and pebbles from the shore
Like precious jewels gleam and glow,"
The bird sang at the prison door.

"Oh, little room with curtains white,
Through which the golden sunshine falls,
Where branches green and berries bright
To-day are hanging on the walls,
And the dear mother, meek and mild
As she the wise men knelt before,
Is waiting for her only child,"
The bird sang at the prison door.

"Thank Heaven! she dreams not of his fate;
Nor does the father. 'Tis,' they say,
'Some urgent duty bids him wait
In that great city far away.'
And still they think of him with joy,
Although their watching hearts are sore,
And ask God's blessing on their boy,"
The bird sang at the prison door.

And then, in louder, sweeter strains,
"Upon the day that gave Him birth,
As our dear Christ in heaven reigns,
Let Love and Mercy reign on earth,
And let these words remembered be:
'Thou art forgiven; sin no more;'
For thus to sinners all spake He,"
The bird sang at the prison door.

And "Grant, O Lord," the list'ner prayed,
"This day may be thrice blessed to me;
Help Thou my feet, which long have strayed,
Again to find the way to Thee."
And pitying angels, ling'ring nigh,
The simple prayer to Jesus bore,
As, "Night is coming, I must fly,"
The bird sang at the prison door.

BOB CRATCHIT'S DINNER.

THE picture of the dinner at Bob Cratchit's brings to mind that *Christmas Carol* upon which DICKENS lavished all that was best in his nature, and in which he taught effectively some lessons that we can not con too often or learn too well. We are not all unregenerate Scrooges in spirit or life—for which let us give thanks—nor have most of us the opportunities of the reformed and regenerate Scrooge. And yet upon both its sides the *Christmas Carol* has a hint to give to all of us. If it did no more than set us thinking of the nature of that happiness which makes Christmas the merriest holiday in all the year, it would still be worth our reading as an annual preparation for the feast. Blunderers as we are in our ways of celebrating days, we have somehow kept clear of blunders here, and in all our Christmas customs we have preserved something of the spirit that belongs by right to this feast above all others.

We begin the day with rivalry only in our efforts to be first in wishing well to those about us. We devote the whole of it, not to a search for happiness, but to endeavors to make others happy. It is the feast of good wishes, the time of gifts, the day of gladness not in our own but in others' joy. We are merry then because each of us has excuse and opportunity to surprise others with benefits, because each finds a way to bring gladness into other hearts and light into other eyes than his own.

Is not this in the very spirit of Christmas, the day we keep in memory of the great Teacher whose message was "Love one another," whose life was self-sacrifice, and whose religion has taught the world the glory and the gladness of brotherly kindness? It is fit that Christmas, of all days in the year, should be celebrated with good wishes and good gifts, because good-will and kindly helpfulness to one another are the fundamental principles of the religion whose birthday Christmas is.

It is Tiny Tim in the *Christmas Carol* who most strongly appeals to us; it is the sight of his innocent helplessness that works the miracle of Scrooge's reformation; and this too is as it should be. The day belongs of right to the little ones especially, and men and women everywhere show how faithfully they have preserved the right traditions of the time by the large place they give in all their Christmas preparations to the working of gladness in young minds and souls. In all our little concealments and devices for surprising the children, in all the pleasure we take in laying plans to make the day one of gladness to them, we are but working out in act the spirit of the religion we profess; for the truths that underlie the *Christmas Carol* are older than the story of Tiny Tim, to which they lend their charm. As Bob Cratchit loves to carry the poor crippled boy upon his shoulder, and to have him sit by his side, so the Master whose teachings are only echoed in the *Carol* took "the little children" in his arms, and lovingly said, "Suffer them."

HARPER'S WEEKLY is not a religious newspaper—though we should not like to think it an irreligious one—but without trenching upon a domain beyond its proper boundaries, it may properly point to this teaching of human kindness and of tender affection for little children as essential features of the religion whose advent we celebrate at Christmas. CHARLES DICKENS was not a theologian, for that matter, but he preached a mighty sermon when he wrote that *Christmas Carol*, one scene of which is represented on page 897. Who shall say that we should not all be the better for the more frequent presentation of that aspect of our religion in sermons as well as in stories? It is worth while, at any rate, as a preparation for Christmas, to recall that dinner at the Cratchits', where the feasting was great, because the love was great, though there was only a goose for dinner, with a very small pudding to follow it, while "two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle" constituted the whole of the family display of glass when the drinking of toasts began.

SCHROEDER'S QUEER CHRISTMAS.

A LITTLE shop in a side street off a busy avenue across town. Neat and orderly, with an eye to warm effects in coloring, careful toning of tints, and withal a pleasant neutral light for an æsthetic eye. It was what might be called a thread-and-needle shop. There were many plain and homely garments put away in drawers beneath the counters, and even a few household implements were to be had for the asking, for the neighborhood was a poor but thrifty one, and the owner of the shop had an eye to business. Notwithstanding this, there was an air pervading the whole establishment that told of an artistic influence; an article of wood-carving in the window told of an artistic hand; and in fact, at the very moment of which I write, there was something going on in the room above that told of the immediate neighborhood of an artist. The room itself was what a commonplace person might call a garret; but a photographer, who had long ago been compelled by adverse circumstances to begin business there, had added a skylight and a few little adjuncts of that character, that rendered the place passable for a studio. A bed in the corner, under the sloping eaves, was rather an innovation; but Schroeder, the artist, had enjoined upon Catharine, the shop-keeper and landlady, not to let a feather in or out of a ticking abide in that apartment, and never to disturb his hard straw mattress, or shake a coverlet within the boundary of his sanctum. Catharine had stipulated that the artist should allow his little Paul, who was a mere bag of bones, as Catharine had said, to sleep with her in the room below, to which he had readily agreed, with the air of one who held in minor importance the acts of eating, or sleeping, or any of the ordinary functions of every-day life. For instance, how unreasonable it was on the day before Christmas, when there were caraway cookies to make for little Paul's stocking, and the tough old chicken to boil and boil for Schroeder's Christmas soup, and the shop and the house to garnish with Christmas greens, to insist upon delaying all these important Christmas duties, so that the artist might take the best and brightest hours of the morning to paint upon his eternal picture of the Madonna!

Not but that she would have been proud to serve for his model, had he been content with her, but at that moment he was finding fault with both her and his boy, and even the room, which was only divided from the whole radiance of heaven by a roof of glass.

"Du lieber Himmel!" he cried, "but the light is vile in this execrable garret! Wilt thou, then, my excellent Catharine, keep thy face turned from me, so that it may not disturb the vision in my fancy? If the boy would but rest tranquil for one little moment, that I might cut him properly down to the suitable proportions of the infant Jesus!"

The excellent Catharine strove to quiet the wriggling boy upon her knee, and turned her face quite away from the impatient artist, while a flush of crimson mounted from her neck to her brow.

The colorist could not fail to see this mark of vexation upon the part of his model, and paused, with his brush suspended over his palette. A singularly magnetic and vivid smile softened, irradiated, and transfigured his dark, stern, ill-shaven visage.

He nodded good-naturedly, and put his brushes and palette away.

"Thou hast reason, my good Catharine," he said. "I devour thy precious time, like the ogre that I am, without even giving thee the courtesy of thanks. Let the boy go, and do thou return thyself to thy household duties. I am also expected at my work up town." He stood a moment with his hands clasped before the picture. Heaven knows what ecstatic dreams flitted through his brain and heart. Nodding and murmuring softly to himself, he flung his shabby cloak about him, slouched his hat over his forehead, and strode with his long but shapely legs down the narrow stairs, and out through the little shop into the street.

The little shop-woman also stood awhile with clasped hands and yearning eyes before the picture upon the easel. She would have given her shop and its contents, the best part of her life, to have had a face like that. Not that she honestly thought it very beautiful. At the distance from which Catharine looked upon it, the daubs of paint which Schroeder called "broad effects" were too clearly perceptible; but Catharine was not devoid of imagination, and all she desired for the foundation of her fancy was that this was the face that Schroeder loved. In her envy, she could have torn her own from its fleshly fastenings and cast it to the four winds of the earth; which would have been a pity, for to an unæsthetic and ordinary observer Catharine's face was a comely and prepossessing one; far to be preferred by such to the one the picture was meant to portray; for a sympathetic heart lent it a womanly, gentle expression; a good digestion gave it a healthy, clear, honest complexion; and the brown eyes of Catharine looked straight in your own, open, frank, and free from guile, like her conscience. Her mouth, if large, was shapely, and her teeth were without a flaw; while if those of the original of the painting had been properly portrayed, gold enough ought to have been hidden within the pearls to go a long way toward the gilding of the frame. While Catharine stood there, her heart torn with envy, a loud rapping was heard below, and upon going to the foot of the stairs and looking through the glass door, she saw something that made her heart stand still a moment, then beat as hard as the thumps upon the shop door. The face that Schroeder loved was gazing upon her through the narrow panes. It was far more beautiful, to be sure, than the painted one above, but that was because it was in flesh and blood: not much flesh, and very little blood, for the face was of a divine pallor, and of that refined quality that disassociates the idea of anything fleshly.

But it was unmistakable. It was decidedly the face that Schroeder loved. An immense hat of some furry material rested upon the golden hair Schroeder had almost grown mad in imitating from his tubes of tin, and the long almond-shaped eyes were almost hidden by lashes that curled and curled.

Catharine opened the door with a trembling hand, and the vision slipped in. No aperture could have been too narrow. The artistic robe fitted so close to the willowy form that it seemed a part of it, and one was as beautiful as the other.

"Does Mr. Schroeder—Mr. Paul Schroeder—live here?" And the voice suited the face, the figure, and the dress. It was like a spent bell, whose dying cadence caught the exquisite tone of its birth in another sphere.

"Yes," said poor Catharine, whose voice was like yours, or mine, or anybody's.

"Is he at home?" said the voice, and the beautiful eyes looked about with an air of apprehension.

"No," said Catharine; and immediately the whole aspect of the visitor was one of relief.

"Would you kindly allow me to wait for him?" she said; and added—"in his studio?"

Catharine hesitated. She dared not say no, for Schroeder might have made the appointment, but she led the way up the narrow stairs very ungraciously.

It was now the fair visitor's turn to stand before the easel, and Catharine watched her with an angry eye. Not altogether because she was the divinity of Schroeder's adoration, but there was a lurking mockery in the exquisite voice, and an indefinable air of scornful amusement in the half-shut dreamy eyes that looked upon poor Schroeder's picture, his bed, his little son that clung to the skirts of Catharine, and even upon Catharine herself.

"Pray excuse the trouble I have given you," she said at last. "I do not think I will wait."

Then gliding down the stairs, her plumes sweeping the whitewashed wall, she bowed gracefully to Catharine from the door-step, and picking carefully her way (for a light snow was beginning to fall) to a cab in waiting, she disappeared from Catharine's sight.

The cab rolled rapidly across and up town to a fashionable neighborhood, and stopped at a high narrow house wedged in between broader and still loftier mansions, all of brown stone. Here the lady alighted, dismissed the cab, ran up the steps, and was soon within the narrow but imposing portal.

She glided on to the end of the hall, and into a small octagonal apartment, divided from the drawing-room, upon the same floor, by a curtain of pale gold, which was half withdrawn, disclosing upon the other side embroideries of Egyptian scrolls, and an immense dodo worked in black. A still young and beautiful woman, so closely resembling Schroeder's fair visitor that the relationship was discernible in a glance, sat at one end of a table sipping chocolate from a tiny cup of Sèvres china. A monstrous poodle, shaved to his neck, reposed upon the folds of her robe. At the other end of the table her husband ate ravenously from a plate of the same material, only five times as large as that of his wife, and drank from a cup of the same china, but gigantic in size.

"Here's Camille at last," said the gentleman, dismissing the servant in waiting, as Schroeder's visitor entered, and fastening upon her a sharp, scrutinizing glance. "Did you see Schroeder?"

"No," she replied, languidly drawing off her gloves, and casting upon her brother-in-law a look of amused contempt. "It's all right, Jack; don't be frightened."

"There's no knowing what a woman will do," muttered Jack. "How did you find things, anyway?"

"I found them pretty much as I expected," said Camille. "Schroeder is not given to duplicity. His studio is a garret over a little shop in a queer locality across town; rather a nice garret, with a pretty glass roof, a neat little bed in the corner. Upon the easel was a remarkable effort. I think it was meant for a Madonna, and I think I unconsciously sat for the portrait. Breakfast was served in a back room off the shop for an odd little skeleton of a boy with baggy trousers and a blue nose—"

"And you don't care to live in the nice little garret, over the nice little shop, and be mamma to the nice little skeleton of a boy with the baggy trousers and the blue nose?"

"If I was the only one concerned," she replied, "I think I should prefer anything with Schroeder to everything with Boggs."

"I wish Boggs was here," said Jack; "he'd be most monstrously amused. But it's his business now, not mine. Let him dispose of any long-haired fellows he finds hanging around."

A lightning glance shot from under the long lashes. "He'd have a nice time of it," she said. "If you could afford it, I'd let him try."

"But I can't afford it, Meel; and neither can you," said Jack. "All the same, I'm sorry for Schroeder. He'll have a devilish queer Christmas, I'm afraid." And washing down his meal with his strong black coffee, Jack left the women to themselves.

In the mean while Schroeder all unconsciously was working away at the big jewelry establishment in Union Square.

His cunning fancy and long deft fingers were highly respected by the firm, and so long as he did not stipulate for a high remuneration for his services, they were treated with that consideration which his uncertain temper, irregular business habits, and arbitrary will demanded. It was even with considerable trepidation that the senior member ventured to ask a little favor of Schroeder at about five o'clock in the afternoon of this twenty-fourth day of December of which I write.

"A trifling service for a very valuable customer of ours," said the senior member. "Step this way, Mr. Boggs, and explain your ideas to our artist."

Mr. Boggs was evidently accustomed to having his ideas made to order with his other purchases. "I paid a pretty steep price for a diamond ring here the other day," said Boggs, thrusting his hand in the pocket of his seal-skin overcoat and bringing forth a package; "but the lady's fingers are so confoundedly slim I'm blamed if it didn't slip over her knuckle as if it was greased. So I thought I'd get another to keep it on. Here it is. No—confound it! this is the one she gave me last night as a sample of the size of her finger."

Schroeder's eyes suddenly dilated to twice their usual size. He was gazing upon the ring which the lady had given Mr. Boggs as a sample of the size of her finger. It was an old-fashioned circlet of pale yellow, smooth, and shiny gold, worn to a mere thread.

"Ah, here's the article," continued Mr. Boggs, disclosing a brand-new ring of the very latest style, with a solid surface of gold. "I thought first I'd have only the names inside—mine and hers, you know—but my name is Jeremiah, and 'd take up too much room. It wouldn't do to put Jerry—they're so confoundedly sentimental up there they'd find fault with the natural curl in a dog's tail. I thought perhaps you could think of something in their line—lackadaisical, you know; a little matter of a heart with clasped hands over it—mine and hers, you know. How would that do, eh?"

"Sacré nom de Dieu!" murmured Schroeder, still gazing upon the ring which the lady had given Mr. Boggs as a sample of the size of her finger. "How calls she herself?" he said to Boggs. "What is her name?—the lady who gave you this ring?"

"Why, you see, you mustn't put her real name in the ring," said Boggs. "Her real name is Amelia."

"Amelia?" repeated Schroeder, eagerly.

"Yes; but she calls herself Camille. Women will do these things. Now if I should change my name from Jeremiah to George— But, say! the whole thing is a Christmas present; I want it now."

Schroeder was already upon his feet, reaching for his cloak and hat.

"Say! hello!" said Boggs; but Schroeder was half-way down the store, leaving poor Boggs so electrified that he didn't even miss the ring which the lady had given him as a sample of the size of her finger.

The brief December day had already darkened into night. The ragged gleams of wintry sunshine were extinguished by heavy masses of leaden clouds that hung low and threatening over the heads of pedestrians. A wild scurry of snow, with flakes as big as a full-blown cotton blossom, filled the air, and an icy wind swept down the side streets, carrying with it all available articles. Subjects of Santa Claus carried their bundles in one hand and held on to their head-gear with the other; proprietors of apple stands gathered their fruit into baskets; beggars huddled their rags about them and crept into convenient niches of substantial buildings; dram-drinkers slunk in behind the sheltering screens for their winter toddy; and everybody that had homes worth going to accelerated their footsteps in that direction.

Schroeder undoubtedly belonged to this latter class, and would have been glad of the privilege, had he been in a condition of mind to reckon up his advantages. The little shop across town was not the goal of his ambition, although it was bravely illuminated by an extra lamp or two in honor of Christmas-eve. The back room was furbished up with Christmas greens; the motto over the mantel of "God bless our Home," which Catharine had worked with her own hands, was garlanded with crimson berries; the tough tendons of the ancient fowl had succumbed to hours of boiling, and a cunning device of savory herbs had rendered the soup fit for the palate of a patron of Delmonico's. A succulent salad crowned the repast, the face of little Paul, shining with joy and a liberal application of soap and water, rose radiantly above the spotless table linen, and Catharine herself was modestly attired in a new gown of the warm color that Schroeder loved. Each and all were waiting for Schroeder, but the little shop was not even a humble mile-stone upon his exciting journey. He had eaten nothing since morning, and a sickness born of fasting and the premonition of misery blanched his face and made his legs tremble beneath him, but he staggered on.

When he reached the luxurious mansion up town, he never would have gained admittance had not his coming and going been an ordinary occurrence. His hair was matted and frosted about the collar of his cloak, his shoes were a mere wreck of the elements, and the brim of his hat flapped helplessly over his eyes.

The door of the drawing-room was ajar, and Schroeder walked boldly in. Camille was reclining upon a sort of divan, dressed in a costume of her own devising, the prevailing tint of which was a pale blue. Immediately behind her was the drapery of the curtain upon which was embroidered the enormous dodo, serving as an excellent background to the excellent picture upon which fell Schroeder's haggard eyes. He never will forget, to his dying day, this portrait of a lady, and the embroidery of the extinct bird. He was alone with Camille. The warm and perfumed air, the blaze from the chandelier, the sensation of solitariness with the woman he loved, for the moment stupefied and benumbed Schroeder. He felt his senses swim, and caught the back of a chair to save himself from falling.

All this gave Camille time to recover from the first shock of his appearance. She had known for some time that her amusement was becoming dangerous to herself and Schroeder, and was liable to be abruptly terminated at any time. She was not, therefore, altogether unprepared. But she scarcely knew how to begin. Schroeder saved her the trouble. Steadying himself by the back of the chair, he opened his clinched hand, which had never once relaxed its hold of the ring, and extended it to Camille.

"A man brought it to our establishment, and said it was given him by a lady as a sample of the size of her finger—a man by the name of—of— Allmächtiger! what was the name of the man?—who is he?"

Camille drew a long breath, and gave herself up to the imminent contingency of being shot or strangled, but she resolved to make the interview as short as possible. There was no knowing when this man Boggs would appear upon the scene, unless, indeed, he had been previously disposed of by the infuriated Schroeder, and she was not quite sure of herself. She had never, in all the various phases of their intercourse, found Paul quite so interesting as now that she was about to part with him forever.

"He is the man to whom I am engaged to be married," said Camille. "His name is Boggs."

"The man to whom thou art engaged to be married?" repeated Schroeder. "And is not that man myself?"

"I am not aware of any question of marriage between us," she replied. "It would be too absurd. Would you have me share your garret, and the scanty bed beneath the sloping roof? And cook dinner for you and your son in the little room off the shop? I went to see you this morning."

"To see me this morning!" repeated poor Schroeder.

"Yes. I went up to your studio, and saw the funny picture upon the easel—the dreadful woman with the vermilion cheeks, the boy with the wooden legs."

"Gott in Himmel!" cried Schroeder.

"Yes," said Camille, losing control of herself, as she had of the speech she had rehearsed, "all would not have been lost if I had found a hope to cling to, if your miserable daubs had even the germs of genius!"

"Allmächtiger!" roared Schroeder, and raising the frail workmanship of the æsthetic cabinet-maker in his hands, he lowered it again with such force that it flew into a dozen pieces. One of these fragments, grazing the delicate skin of Camille, left a crimson stain.

The embroidered curtain was suddenly thrust aside, and the terrified face of a man appeared. "No violence, Schroeder," exclaimed Jack, approaching the scene of action—"no violence, for God's sake! It's confoundedly rough, I know, and a devilish queer Christmas for you; but hands off a woman, you know!"

"Don't be a fool, Jack!" said Camille. "It was only a piece of ebony from the chair that fell to pieces in Mr. Schroeder's hand."

But Jack was not satisfied with this little explanation. He was confident that Schroeder had broken the chair over the head of his sister-in-law, and was afraid he would finish her with the piece he still held in his hand.

"Don't do anything you'll be sorry for," expostulated Jack. "If you'll only take time to think the matter over, you'll be glad to be rid of it. These women spend a pile of money, and Boggs is willing to put a nice little lump into the business. If it wasn't for Boggs, I'd be a ruined man, Schroeder, and you couldn't carry on the business even if you had the money, there's so much competition in soap."

"Stand aside, imbecile!" cried Schroeder, and Jack leaped aside with great alacrity.

Schroeder went out into the blinding storm. An icy wind pierced to the marrow of his bones, but a burning heat raged within his heart and his brain. A multitude of chaotic, murderous thoughts found vent through his clinched teeth. He raised his hands to heaven, and called down curses upon the heartless woman in yonder luxurious room, upon her imbecile of a relative, upon the man with the queer name she was about to marry, but, above all, upon himself, her miserable tool and plaything. As he staggered along, a prey to the wind and the storm, he felt what a paltry thing was the mere existence to which he clung, and blessed the power a mocking Deity had left to miserable mortals to end the struggle.

On he stumbled, through the familiar streets, and at last reached the little shop which was still ablaze with the extra illumination of Christmas-eve. The door of the back room was ajar. Schroeder paused, listened, and looked within. Catharine was about putting little Paul to bed; he was kneeling in his white little gown, with his head bowed upon the folds of Catharine's new gown. Catharine's hands were clasped upon the head of the boy, and as she said aloud the words of the prayer, little Paul repeated them after her.

"God bless dear papa, and bring him safe home," said Schroeder's friend and benefactor, his faithful Catharine; and "God bless dear papa, and bring him safe home," said his little son, the one fruit of his dead love, buried long ago in Alsace.

Schroeder lifted the wet mop of a hat from his head and listened to the last words of the prayer. As he stood motionless there, the frost and the hail, dissolving from the folds of his miserable cloak, made a black pool upon Catharine's spotless floor.

Then he went on up to his garret, and lighted the student's lamp—a present from Catharine—by the light of which he had composed poems, sketches, paintings, and made a hundred diverse fools of himself in behalf of yonder fiancée of the man Boggs. Now he began, as quietly as possible, with great method and precision, to bend and break his frames, to crush up his canvases, and to demolish his easel.

This crashing and crushing and tramping could not fail to reach the ears of the little woman below, who ran up the stairs, her heart in her throat, and beheld him in the very luxury of demolition.

"She has driven you mad at last, my poor Schroeder," said Catharine, wringing her hands and looking with trembling pity upon the starved and drenched, half-frozen, and miserable man.

Schroeder turned upon her his spectral face, upon which shone a sardonic smile.

"I am preparing for thee some excellent firewood," he said, putting his wet and broken boot through the face of the Madonna; "the oil and the paint will burn admirably."

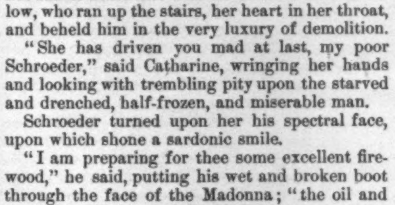
"My God, my God, have pity upon us!" cried Catharine, falling upon her knees.

"Lieber Freund," said Schroeder, lifting the poor little woman to her feet, and looking upon her with ineffable tenderness, "I am not mad. I think I was in a sort of frenzy when I first came in, but thy prayer, thine and my little Paul's, saved me. May God bless and bring me safe home, thou saidst, and so perhaps He did. Thou dost not say the one thing and mean another, like some of thy sex. I may trust thee, lieber Catharine."

"God knows you may," said Catharine, her tears beginning to flow, but her heart growing lighter and happier, she scarcely knew why.

And Schroeder told her all about it after a while, when he was dried and warmed and fed. The storm abated, the chimes of old Trinity rang out sweet and solemn and slow, the stars leaped out in the clear cold sky, while Schroeder went on with his story; and I shouldn't wonder if he mingled with it many caressing words from his cosmopolitan vocabulary; and who knows but that Catharine began the new year as the affianced of Schroeder, as Camille did with Boggs? Schroeder was an impressionable fellow, and needed love as much as flowers do the sun. I can not say, but, at all events, it wasn't such a very queer Christmas for Schroeder, after all.

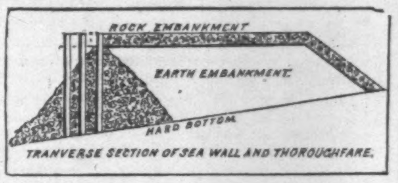
NEW SEA-WALL OF SAN FRANCISCO.



ONE of the most important public works undertaken at any time by the State of California is that of remodelling the water front of San Francisco. This is being accomplished by the construction of a broad embankment of earth and riprap parallel with the tidal current sweeping the northern and eastern shores of the peninsula on which the city stands. This embankment is popularly called the "New Sea-Wall." Its object is to increase dockage for shipping—a measure made necessary by the rapid growth of the commerce of the port; to adapt the water front to the scouring action of the tidal current, and thus lessen the cost of dredging, which now forms a large item in harbor expenses; and to correct irregularities in the arrangement of wharves.

The history of this sea-wall dates as far back as 1866, when engineers were invited by advertisement to submit to the Board of Harbor Commissioners plans for its construction. The plans submitted by Engineers W. J. LEWIS and GEORGE F. ALLARDT were accepted by the Board and approved by its engineer, T. J. ARNOLD. In 1876 the sea-wall line was established, after about eighteen months' investigation and discussion of the subject, by a commission consisting of the Governor of the State, the Mayor of San Francisco, Rear-Admiral JOHN RODGERS (then commandant of Mare Island Navy-yard), Lieutenant-Colonel MENDEL (United States Engineers), Professor GEORGE DAVIDSON (United States Coast and Geodetic Survey), the three Harbor Commissioners, and T. J. ARNOLD (since deceased), engineer of the Harbor Commission. This sea-wall line extends in a serpentine course from the Presidio Military Reservation on the north to the San Mateo County line on the south—a total distance of thirteen miles. On the 15th of March, 1878, an act of the Legislature directing the Harbor Commissioners to construct the sea-wall in accordance with the adopted plans of LEWIS and ALLARDT, which had been amended in the mean time by Engineer ARNOLD so as to embrace a water-front thoroughfare, went into effect. On September 13 of the same year work was begun, under the management of the Harbor Commission, on the northern water-front of the city, in the vicinity of North Point. Since that time four sections, aggregating 4651 feet, have been finished.

This part of the New Sea-Wall forms a crescent around North Point, its extreme western end resting on an old historic structure called Meiggs Wharf, which was built by the late Peruvian railroad king HARRY MEIGGS before his flight to South America as a fugitive from justice. This structure was originally devoted to the discharging of vessels engaged in the northern coast lumber trade, but for years it has been used solely as a marine reporters' station and a crab fishery. It is from the dilapidated remains of this historic structure that the illustration of the New Sea-Wall on page 900 was taken.



TRANVERSE SECTION OF SEA WALL AND THOROUGHFARE.

The New Sea-Wall is constructed very solidly of earth and riprap, the latter forming the bay slope. The sand for this purpose is obtained from the dunes adjacent to Point San José (or Black Point) Military Reservation, and the rock is quarried from the outer flanks of Telegraph Hill, a sugar-loaf elevation—one of the highest in the city—overlooking North Point. The summit of Telegraph Hill was in early days used as the site of a marine telegraph station, signaling to the city below the incoming of deep-water vessels through the Golden Gate, of which it commands a splendid view. The marine telegraph station is now at Point Lobos, the south head of the Golden Gate, and the summit of Telegraph Hill has been laid out as a public square, named Pioneer Park. The rock quarries of the New Sea-Wall have deeply furrowed the side of the hill, and their upper galleries reach nearly to its top.

The magnitude of the New Sea-Wall may be better appreciated from its dimensions. Its breadth at the base is about 250 feet; at the top, 150 feet; and in depth it averages, from city base, about 60 feet. These measurements represent only the solid earth and riprap embankment. There is in addition on the bay side a wooden wharf structure, running parallel with and facing the wall, which has a breadth of 50 feet on top, making the total breadth of the sea-wall on top 200 feet. The construction of the four sections of the wall now finished has taken 1,901,634 cubic yards of sand and rock, and 3436 piles, and 2,448,038 feet of lumber have been used in the construction of the wharf and sheds. The total cost to date amounts to $860,921 65, or $188 75 per lineal foot of sea-wall built. The cost has been defrayed from the revenues of the port.

Before the construction of the New Sea-Wall was begun, vessels discharging wheat suffered great inconvenience for the want of suitable places to store grain pending its transfer to a foreign-bound ship. The Board of Harbor Commissioners consequently assigned the four sections built for that special purpose. On two of these sections an enormous shed, suitable for the storage of sacked grain, has been erected. This shed is 2000 feet long and 100 feet wide. It is intended to add about 700 feet more to its length. An uncovered space lies in front of the shed for the accommodation of cranes, donkey-engines, and other machinery used in the loading and discharging of vessels. Alongside the rear is the water-front thoroughfare, eighty feet across, and well macadamized. These four sections have added to the dockage capacity of the port room for twenty ships of 1500 tons register and upward.

In some places the New Sea-Wall will intersect the present irregular system of wharves and docks. With the exception of that part surrendered to the great wheat sheds, its broad top will form a noble thoroughfare, two hundred feet across and thirteen miles in length. Toward the southern end the sea-wall will inclose four great wet-docks for the accommodation of shipping, to be known respectively as China, Central, India, and South basins. The smallest of these basins will cover an area of nearly forty acres. When this great public work will be finished, none can tell. Nor is it possible to estimate the total cost. If it does not exceed the present rate, it will reach the enormous sum of about $13,000,000.

THOMAS C. ACTON.

MR. ACTON, who has just been appointed Assistant Treasurer in New York, has had thirty years of active political life. He was Police Commissioner for nine years, and President of the Board for seven. He especially distinguished himself during the draft riots in this city. Superintendent KENNEDY was wounded on the first day of the disturbances, and the whole management of the police force was devolved upon Mr. ACTON, who alone knew the plans that had been arranged by the Superintendent. He remained at Police Head-Quarters for a week, and sat for one hundred hours at the telegraph instrument, without sleep, or other refreshment than a cup of coffee, which a friend insisted on administering. During Mr. ACTON'S service on the Police Board he enforced the provisions of the excise law, by which the city debt could all have been wiped out in sixteen years. In 1870 Mr. ACTON was appointed by President GRANT Superintendent of the United States Assay Office—a situation which he has filled with credit and honor for nearly twelve years. Although a lawyer by profession, Mr. ACTON has never engaged in active legal practice. During his long political life he has made very few enemies, and has always displayed great executive ability. It was largely owing to the exertions of Mr. ACTON that the Legislature passed the bill providing for the present Board of Health, as well as the bill for the paid Fire Department. Both these bills were introduced before the Legislature by Mr. ACTON, who spoke in their behalf.

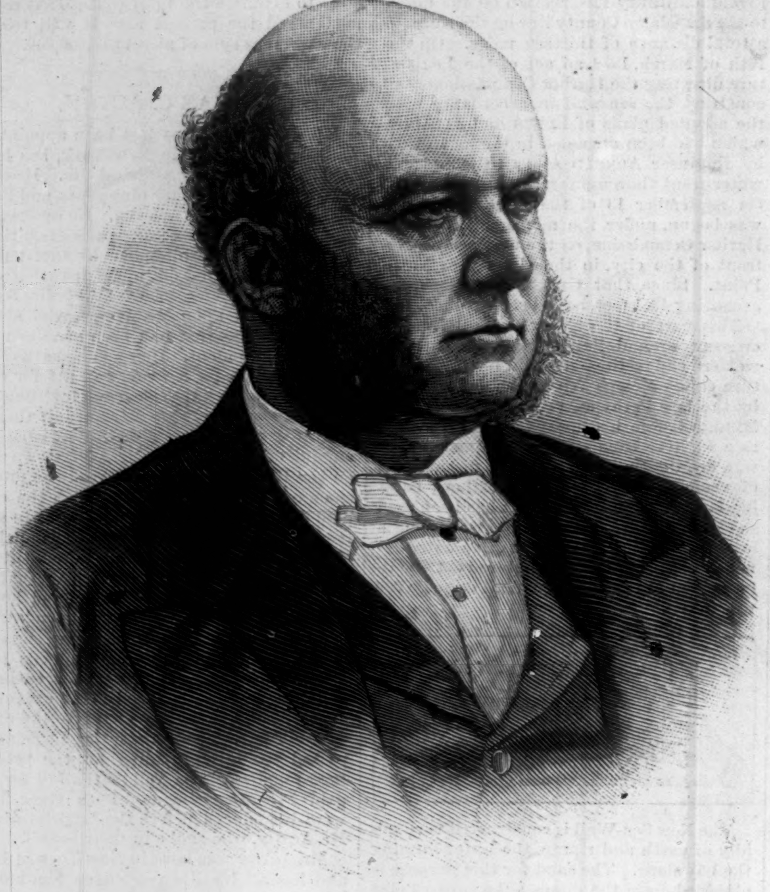
Mr. ACTON was born in New York in 1823, and has all his life resided on Manhattan Island. He became Deputy County Clerk in 1850, was Deputy Registrar under J. J. DOANE for nearly six years, and, as we have stated, was appointed by Governor MORGAN as Police Commissioner in 1861.

A RESCUE AT SEA.

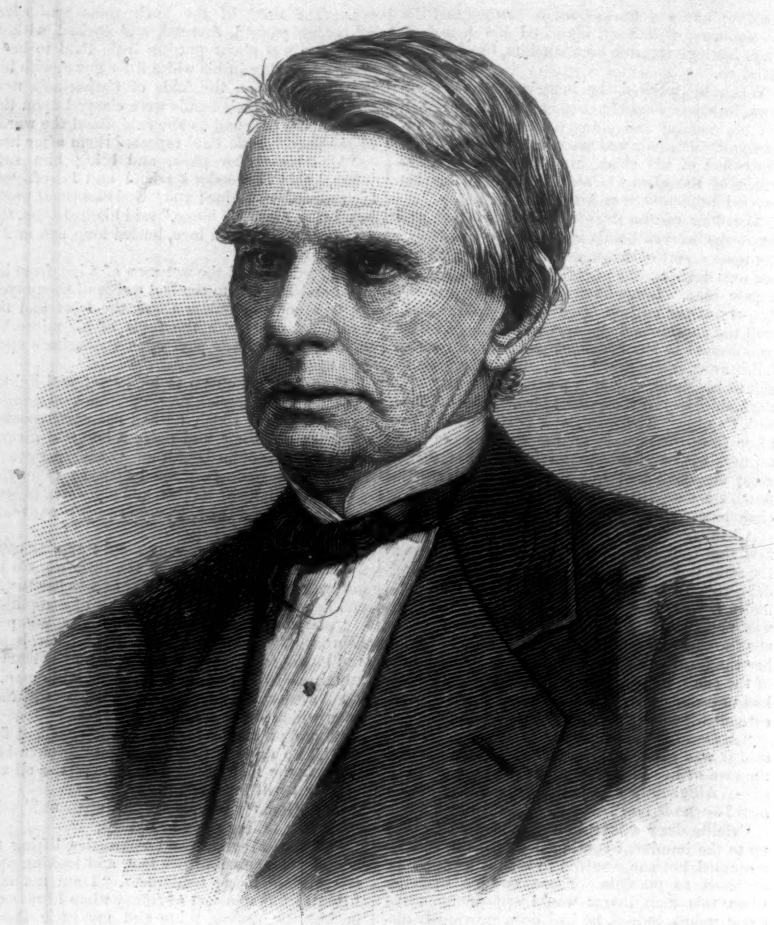
THE steam-ship *Canada*, of the National Line, which reached this port a short time ago, after a long and tempestuous voyage, met with an incident which was sketched on the spot by one of the passengers, whose drawing is reproduced on page 896. Westerly gales prevailed during the greater part of the voyage, and seas frequently broke over the vessel as she steamed along at half her usual rate of speed. Several of the deck-houses were more or less broken in by the heavy seas, and two of the life-boats were smashed.

On November 30, in latitude 48° 58′, and longitude 17° 50′, it was blowing a brisk gale, and a heavy sea was running. One of the officers on the bridge discovered a sailing vessel rolling badly, and Captain ROBINSON ordered the steam-ship to be headed in the direction of the stranger, which was evidently in distress. The German flag was flying at half-mast on the sailing vessel, which proved to be the bark *Anna*, of Pillau. Her master signaled that they were sinking, and that they desired to abandon the wreck, but they had no life-boat that could be trusted in the sea which was then running. The deck of the bark seemed to have been stove in in several places by heavy waves, and she tossed about as though unmanageable.

Notwithstanding the heavy sea, Captain ROBINSON decided to rescue the crew of the bark if possible. The steamer was hove to at a short distance from the distressed vessel. The chief officer volunteered to take command of the boat, and a crew of four picked men was selected. A life-boat was then lowered, and the five gallant men started for the rescue. They made their way slowly through the high rolling seas, which drove the spray over them, and the boat finally came alongside the bark, after much difficulty. A dog then sprang from the *Anna* into the life-boat. This animal was followed by ten men, who saved nothing but a few articles of clothing. The boat pushed off from the bark, but had a hard struggle before the steamer could be reached. It was very dangerous work coming alongside the high iron sides of the *Canada*, which rose and fell with the huge seas. All the occupants of the boat, including the dog, reached the deck in safety, but when left to itself the boat dashed violently against the steam-ship, and was swamped. The lines were cut, and the boat which had proved of such great service was abandoned. The steam-ship started up, and the wreck of the *Anna* was left astern, tossing among the billows which were sweeping over her broken decks. It is probable that the wreck went down soon after she had been abandoned.



THE HON. HORACE GRAY.—PHOTO. BY THE NOTMAN PHOTOGRAPHING COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 891.]



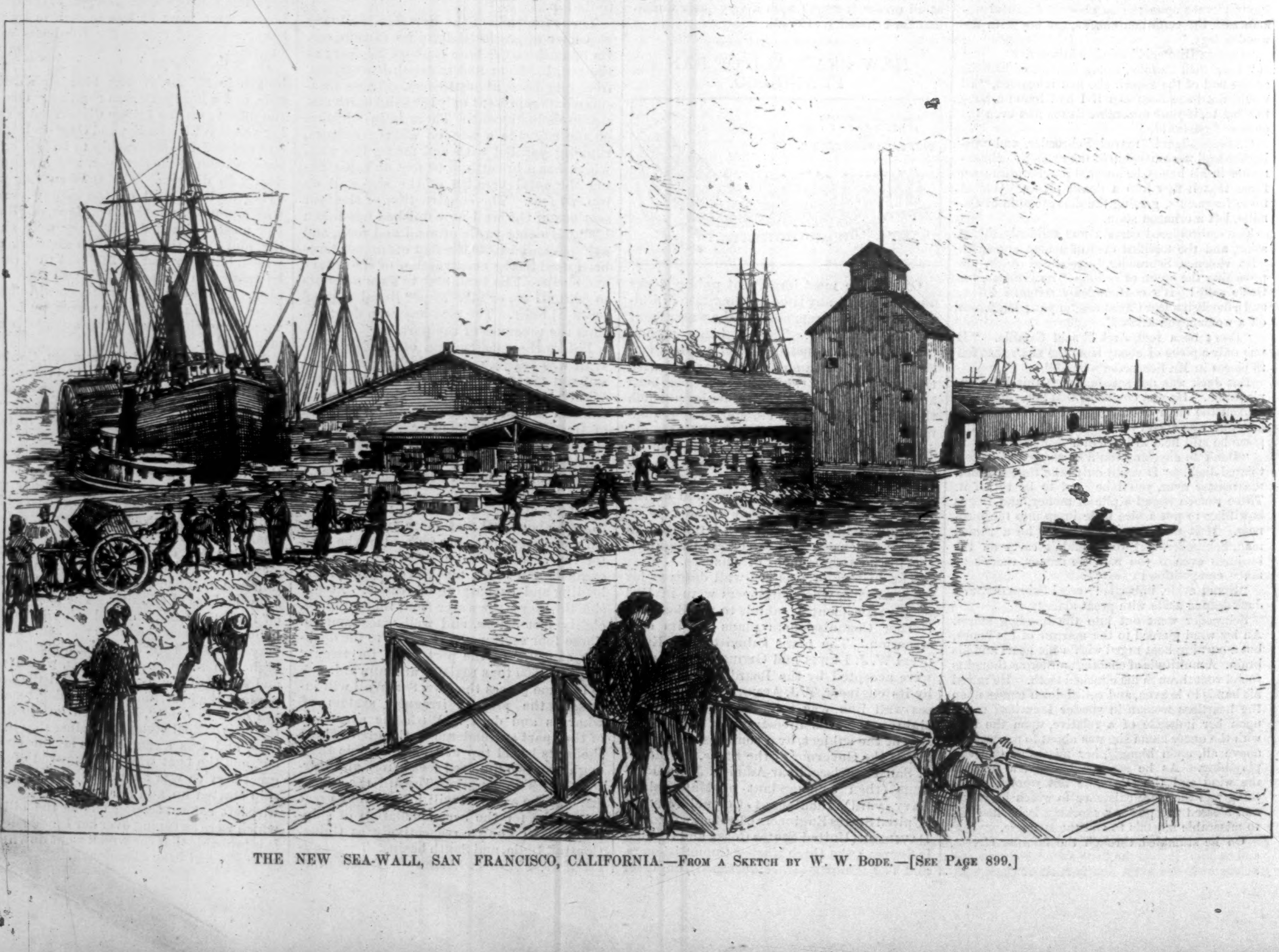
THE HON. T. O. HOWE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

THE HON. TIMOTHY O. HOWE, ex-United States Senator from Wisconsin, who succeeds MR. JAMES as Postmaster-General, was born on the 7th of February, 1816, in Livermore, Oxford County, Maine. After receiving an academic education at the Readfield Seminary he studied law, and in 1839 was admitted to the bar. Settling in Readfield he took an active interest in politics, and in 1845 was elected a member of the Maine Legislature. In the latter part of that same year he removed to Green Bay, Wisconsin, where, in 1850, he was elected a Circuit Judge. He held the office for five years, and then resigned. In 1861 he was elected a Senator in Congress from Wisconsin. He served on a number of the important committees, and as chairman of those on Appropriations and Revolutionary Claims. He was a delegate to the Philadelphia Loyalists' Convention of 1866. In the following year, when his Senatorial term expired, he was re-elected, and again in 1873 for the term ending in 1879.

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.

THE HON. JOHN CHANDLER BANCROFT DAVIS, the new Assistant Secretary of State, was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, December 29, 1822. He graduated at Harvard College in 1840, and entered upon the study of law. In 1849 he was appointed Secretary of Legation at London, where he was repeatedly called upon to act as Chargé d'Affaires. In 1852 he returned to this country, and devoted himself to the practice of his profession in New York city. In 1868 he was elected to the New York State Legislature, and in 1869 was appointed Assistant Secretary of State. He resigned that position in 1871 to become the agent of the United States government at the Geneva Court of Arbitration on the *Alabama* Claims, where he performed much important work. In 1873 he was re-appointed Assistant Secretary of State, and in the following year he was made Minister Plenipotentiary to Germany. While in the State Department he acted as arbitrator between Portugal and Great Britain, and was secretary as well as a member of the High Commission which concluded the Treaty of Washington in 1871. In 1878 MR. DAVIS was succeeded at the court of Berlin by BAYARD TAYLOR, and returning to this country, was appointed by President HAYES Associate Justice of the United States Court of Claims.



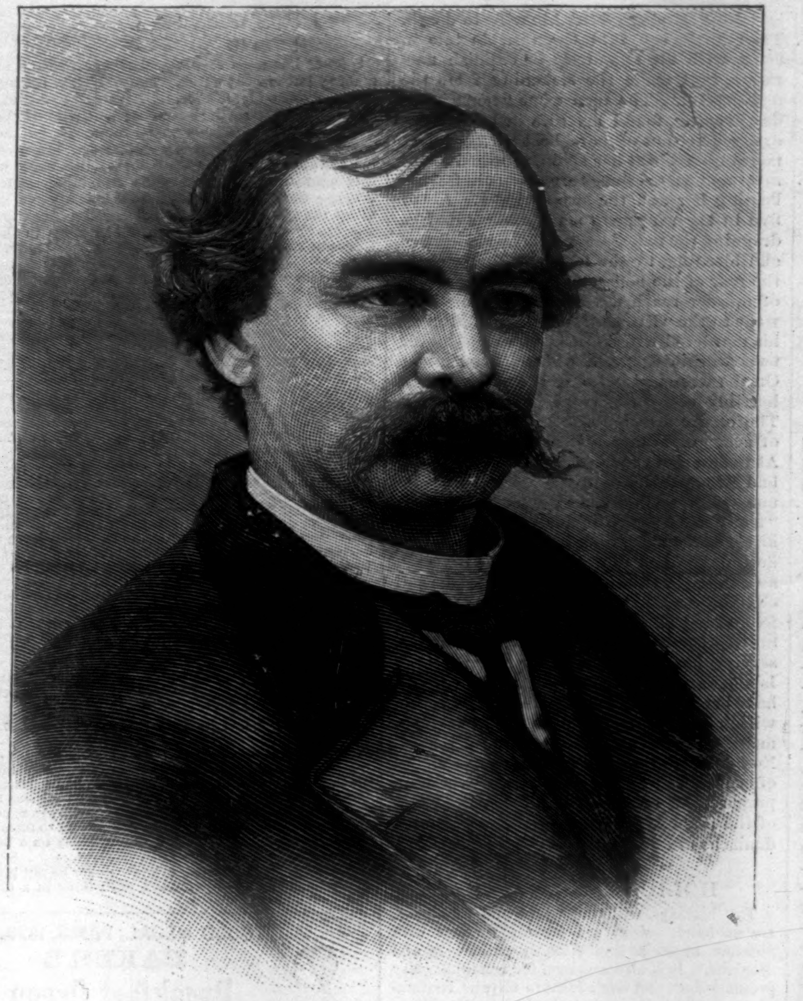
THE NEW SEA-WALL, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. W. BODE.—[SEE PAGE 899.]

DR. HAYES.

Isaac Israel Hayes, the well-known arctic explorer, died suddenly on Saturday, December 17, of disease of the heart, in his forty-ninth year. Dr. **Hayes** was a native of Chester, Pennsylvania, and graduated in medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. In the same year he tendered his services as medical officer to Dr. **Kane**, and was appointed surgeon to the second **Grinnell** expedition, with which he sailed in the brig *Advance*. When Dr. **Kane** determined to return, Dr. **Hayes** joined the party which, under the command of **Petersen**, endeavored to find its way to Upernavik. During this journey the travellers lived for three months among the Esquimaux, and returned to the *Advance* with the dog-sledges of the natives. Dr. **Hayes** became convinced by his explorations that there existed an open polar sea. In 1860 he set out in the schooner *United States* for Melville Bay, and saw open water beyond 81° 37′. In the following year he entered the army as a surgeon, and built and controlled the army hospital at West Philadelphia. In 1869 he again sailed, in the *Panther*, to explore the coast of Greenland, and on his return published *The Land of Desolation* and *Cast Away in the Cold*. He found Greenland to be a mass of ice and snow, where from an elevation of 6000 feet no bare land was to be seen.

Dr. **Hayes** was disappointed at not receiving the command of the expedition of 1875, but consoled himself by entering into political life, and for five years represented the Seventh Assembly District. His most important services were those he discharged as Chairman of the Committee on Canals and the Committee on Cities. Withdrawing from active political life last fall, Dr. **Hayes**, during this and the preceding month, has delivered lectures on "The Water-Courses of New York" and on his old subject, "Arctic Exploration." His last lecture was delivered on the 5th of December. In it he spoke hopefully of the *Jeannette* and **De Long**'s hardy crew, and repeated his arguments to prove that there was an open polar sea as navigable as the Atlantic Ocean.

The daring explorations conducted by Dr. **Hayes** in 1860, when he went northward by way of Smith's Sound, travelling in boats and dog-sledges, and enduring terrible hardships, were rewarded by the gold medals of the Geographical Society of Paris and the Royal Geographical Society of London. Dr. **Hayes** was full of energy and enthusiasm, a good speaker and writer, and his death will be widely regretted.



THE LATE DR. I. I. HAYES.—Photographed by Fredericks.

THE LOSS OF THE "JEANNETTE."

Once more comes a story of disaster from the arctic regions. The *Jeannette*, fitted out two years and a half ago by Mr. **James Gordon Bennett** to make another attempt to reach the north pole, has been crushed in the ice. The greater part of the gallant crew, veterans in arctic service, have reached the mainland of Siberia, after weeks of peril in open boats, and hopes are entertained that the remainder may yet be heard from at some other point. The story of the disaster is briefly told in the following graphic dispatch from the chief engineer of the ship:

"**Irokutsk**, *December* 21—2.05 P.M.

"*Jeannette* was crushed by the ice in latitude 77° 15′ north, longitude 157° east. Boats and sleds made a good retreat to fifty miles northwest of the Lena River, where the three boats were separated in a gale. The whale-boat, in charge of Chief Engineer **Melville**, entered the east mouth of the Lena River on September 17. It was stopped by ice in the river. We found a native village, and as soon as the river closed I put myself in communication with the commandant at Bolonenga. On October 29 I heard that the first cutter, containing Lieutenant **De Long**, Dr. **Ambler**, and twelve others, had landed at the north mouth of the Lena. The commandant at Bolonenga sent instant relief to the whale-boat party, who are all well. **Nindeman** and **Noras** arrived at Bolonenga on October 29 for relief for the first cutter, all of whom are in a sad condition, and in danger of starvation, and all badly frozen. The commandant at Bolonenga has sent native scouts to look for them, and will urge vigorous and constant search until they are found. The second cutter has not yet been heard from. Telegraph money for instant use to Irkoutsk and Iakoutsk."

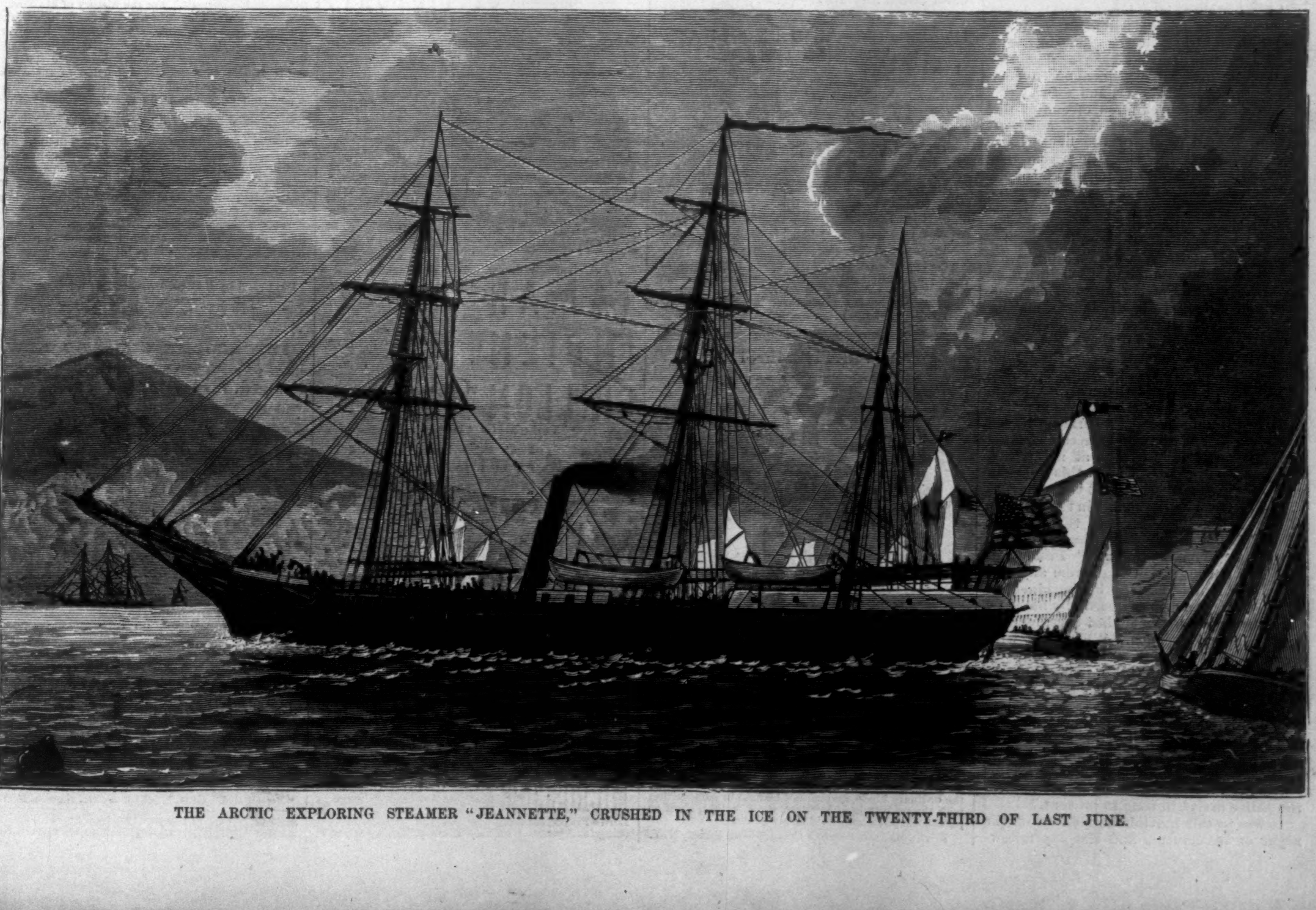
The story is told in more detail in a dispatch to General **Ignatieff**, dated at Irkoutsk, December the 19th. It reads as follows:

"The Governor of Iakoutsk writes that on the 14th of September three natives of Hagan Oulouss de Zigane at Cape Barhay, 140 versts north of Cape Bikoff, discovered a large boat with eleven survivors from the shipwrecked steamer *Jeannette*. They had suffered greatly. The Adjunct of Chief of the District was immediately charged to proceed with a doctor and medicines to succor the survivors at Iakoutsk, and to search for the rest of the shipwrecked crew. Five hundred rubles have been assigned to meet the most urgent expenses. The engineer, **Melville**, has sent three identical telegrams—one addressed to the London office of the *Herald*, one to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, and the third to the Minister of the United States at St. Petersburg.

"The poor fellows have lost everything. Engineer **Melville** says that the *Jeannette* was caught and crushed by the ice on the 23d of June, in latitude 77 degrees north and 157 degrees east longitude. The survivors of the *Jeannette* left in three boats. Fifty miles from the mouth of the Lena they lost sight of each other during a violent gale and dense fog. Boat No. 3, under command of Engineer **Melville**, reached the eastern mouth of the Lena on the 29th of September, and was stopped by icebergs near to the hamlet of Idolaciro-Idolatre on the 29th of October.

"There also arrived at Bolonenga Boat No. 1, with the sailors **Nindermann** and **Noras**. They brought the information that Lieutenant **De Long**, Dr. **Ambler**, and a dozen other survivors had landed at the northern mouth of the Lena, where they are at present in a most distressing state, many having their limbs frozen. An expedition was immediately sent from Bolonenga to make diligent search for the unfortunates, who are in danger of death. No news has as yet been received of Boat No. 2. In the communication addressed to Mr. **Bennett**, **Melville** adds a request that money should be sent immediately per telegraph to Iakoutsk and Irkoutsk. Will you urgently request that 6000 rubles be transmitted immediately to the Governor of Iakoutsk for researches for the dead and assistance and care, as well as for the return and conveyance of the shipwrecked men to the house of the Governor? There is a surgeon, who will bestow upon them all possible care."

This dispatch was signed by President **Pedachenko**. The Emperor of Russia, immediately on receipt of the news, personally ordered that all supplies that were necessary for food, clothing, and transportation should be placed at the disposal of Captain **De Long** and his men. In every quarter of the globe the news has been received with hearty



THE ARCTIC EXPLORING STEAMER "JEANNETTE," CRUSHED IN THE ICE ON THE TWENTY-THIRD OF LAST JUNE.

gratification, mingled with deep regret and anxiety for the men in the missing boat. It remains to be learned what was the course of the *Jeannette*, what discoveries were made in the course of her long voyage, what may be their value to science, and how far they may go toward solving the great problem which for centuries has led adventurous men to brave the dangers of the arctic seas. Although the *Jeannette* has perished in the ice, her name will always stand high in the annals of Polar exploration; and the munificence of Mr. BENNETT, and the bravery of Captain DE LONG and those who sailed with him, will always be remembered with admiration.

"HELL'S KITCHEN."

IT is only the police—who are a sort of surgical corps for the body-politic, to regulate its functions, prevent, if they can, its disorders, lop off its diseased members, and disperse, if they can not drain away, its worst humors—it is only they who know the spots in a great city where the life-current of the community runs poor and thin, or where it gathers in foul and perilous ulcers, breeding plagues and spreading infection. The "average" citizen who goes about his daily occupation along the main thoroughfares, on the horse-car lines, or whirled on the elevated roads, has but little conception of the number and extent of those neighborhoods in which poverty, drunkenness, misery, vice, and crime make their pitiful or hideous seats. When he takes up his morning paper at the Monday's breakfast table he is apt to turn with a sense of annoyance from the stereotyped head-line, "The Usual Sunday Murder," or the "Horrible Crime in Battle Row," or "Another Wife Killed in Hell's Kitchen." If he is a sober and fastidious man, and if he has a family of growing children about him, he probably, silently or aloud, condemns the depraved journalism of the day which will make its readers breakfast as well as "sup on horrors," forgetting that in the many-faced mirror of his daily paper every phase of the varied life of a mixed community must be, in part at least, reflected. And he knows nothing of the patient vigilance, the firm discipline, which in all first-rate newspaper offices shut out a thousand harrowing or disgusting details of what, after all, is the record of actual experience, perhaps within a stone's-throw of his tranquil and well-ordered home.

Recent occurrences, not unusual in their character, but crowding each other a little more closely than ordinarily, have called attention to the quarters some of whose ghastly names we have mentioned. These names are but the grotesque and half-picturesque designations which the rude but quick imagination of the lower class has given to places quite deserving them. "Hell's Kitchen," for instance, is a large tumble-down tenement-house on the north side of West Thirty-ninth Street, between the Ninth and Tenth avenues. It runs back against the high rocks which thirty years ago were covered with wild shrubbery, and formed the play-ground of the children of one of the pleasantest portions of the city. Some of the lower apartments of the house have their floors and side walls dug from this rocky hill. The house belongs to a couple of worthies, THOMAS and CATHERINE WILSON, who are now in Sing Sing for highway robbery. From the character of the owners, that of the occupants may be imagined. All of them are desperately poor and filthy; some of them are habitual or professional criminals; nearly all, men, women, and children, are drunkards, and on Saturday night, when the vile liquor from the distilleries and the "bucket-shops"—whiskey which sells for ten cents the gallon, and brandy for five cents the quart—circulates freely, fights are frequent. A police sergeant recently remarked: "Shy your hat up anywhere in the neighborhood, if you want a fight, and you will be accommodated any time after nine o'clock at night." A reporter who recently visited this hole—in company with a policeman, it is needless to say—described its occupants in the columns of the *Times*. The hero of the place is "Bully" MORRISON, "a noted blackguard and bully and a common drunkard." From fondness for fighting rather than from any religious convictions, as may be imagined, he "is an Orangeman, and is cordially hated by the other residents, who, however, fear his great personal strength. When filled with the fiery liquor dispensed in the neighborhood, he roams about, making night hideous with his oaths and ribald songs and jests. He arms himself with a stave from a hay bale, and runs amuck through the streets. His wife is a receiver of stolen goods, and pigs, goats, geese, and chickens find their way to her room in the rear of 'Hell's Kitchen,' and thence to the markets, unless the police arrive in time to prevent."

It was in this horrible haunt that, on the night of December 9 and the day following, JOHN MOONEY beat his wife to death. Their little son told the terrible tale in court with the simplicity of childish narrative, that made the sickening facts the more awful. The man came "home" Friday evening, found his wife in bed drunk, dragged her out of it and beat her, rose next morning and beat her again, returned about noon and passed some three hours in further beating her and the two children. About five in the afternoon a neighbor saw him dragging the naked body of his wife, bruised and bleeding, by the feet over the rocks in the rear of the house. On Sunday a report of murder reached the police. An officer went to the "Kitchen," and found MOONEY, his murdered wife's brother, and the boy of twelve drinking "still" whiskey in one room. On the wretched pallet in the other lay the horribly disfigured corpse of the woman. The officer arrested the husband, in spite of some resistance and a threat to shoot. At the station the murderer was stolid. He had "licked" his wife because she would not drink with him. He had given her "many a black eye in his day." "Yes, he killed her, and he would kill another before he quit." And now the hardened wretch awaits trial in the Tombs. In the same jail eight others also await trial, all indicted for felony, and all from the same house. In the State-prison are eighteen more of its inmates, serving longer or shorter terms. On "the Island" are many more. In all 287 persons have been brought before the criminal courts within two years, all from this one tenement. Its shocking name is well deserved. No fiend could ask for richer or rarer dishes of crime and wickedness than are every day prepared on that few hundred square feet of the fair city of New York which its own denizens are proud to call "Hell's Kitchen."

HOLIDAY SOUVENIRS.

THE holidays, with their joys and festivities, are at hand. Many are looking forward with pleasure to social and friendly gatherings and reunions. It is also a season for complimentary presentations, and our advice to all who contemplate giving holiday presents is first to call at the nearest drug store and ask them to show you Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush. It makes a most handsome, useful, and durable holiday gift, one which will last; and being an article of daily use, is just the thing to remind the user of its donor. Dr. SCOTT absolutely guarantees them to cure headache, neuralgia, falling hair and baldness, apart from which it is a splendid hair brush, lasting for years. Should any of your friends to whom you purpose making presentations already possess one of these indispensable toilet articles, then buy one of Dr. Scott's Electric Flesh Brushes. These, too, are guaranteed to cure rheumatism, nervous debility, impaired circulation, and many other ills (but not all) to which flesh is heir. Both these articles are for sale by all drug and fancy stores, or can be obtained of the Doctor at No. 842 Broadway, corner Thirteenth Street, New York.—[*Adv.*]

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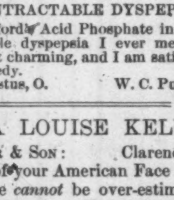

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[*From the New York Tribune.*]

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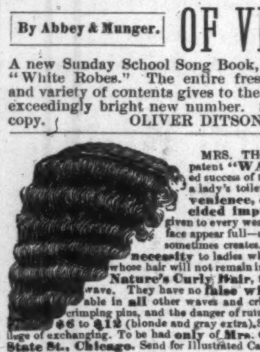

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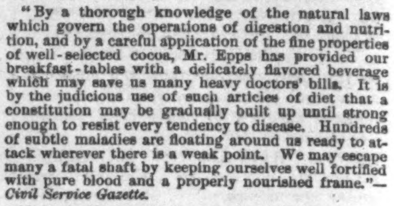

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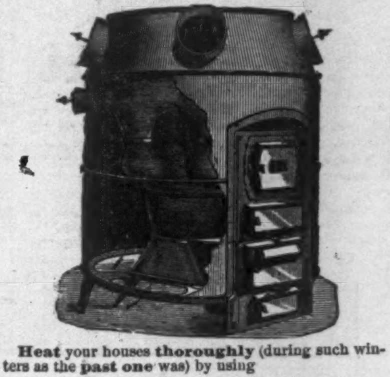

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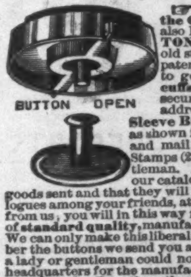

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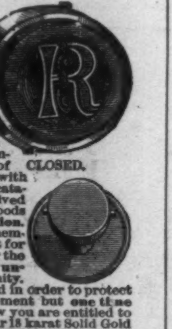

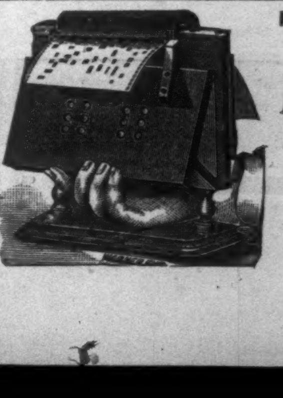

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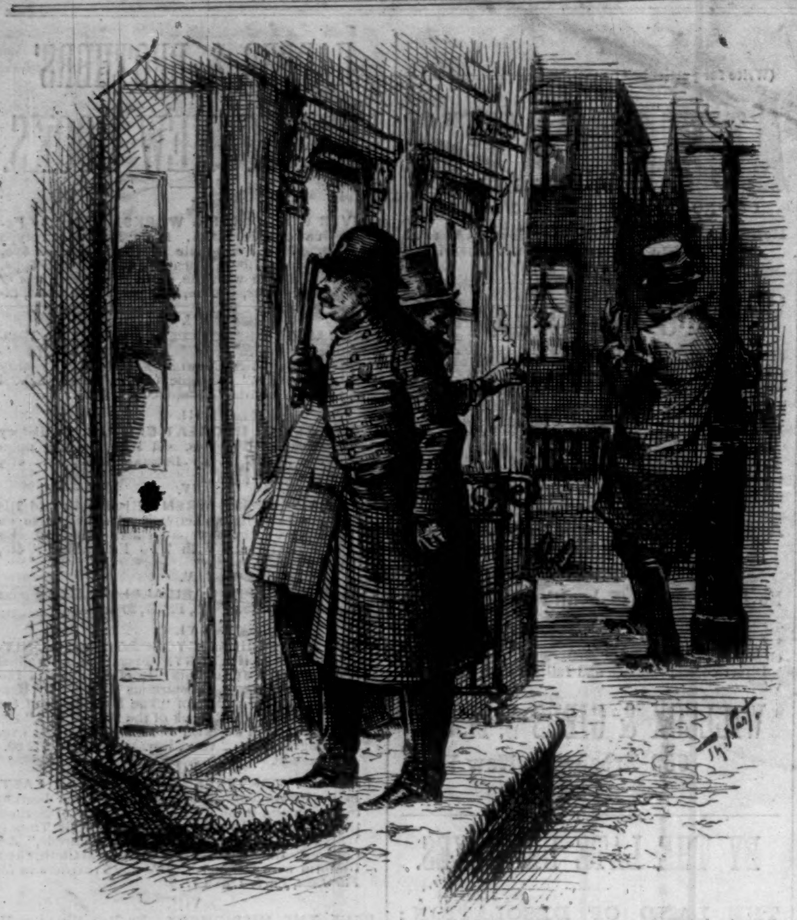

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